

GOETHE'S

FAUST



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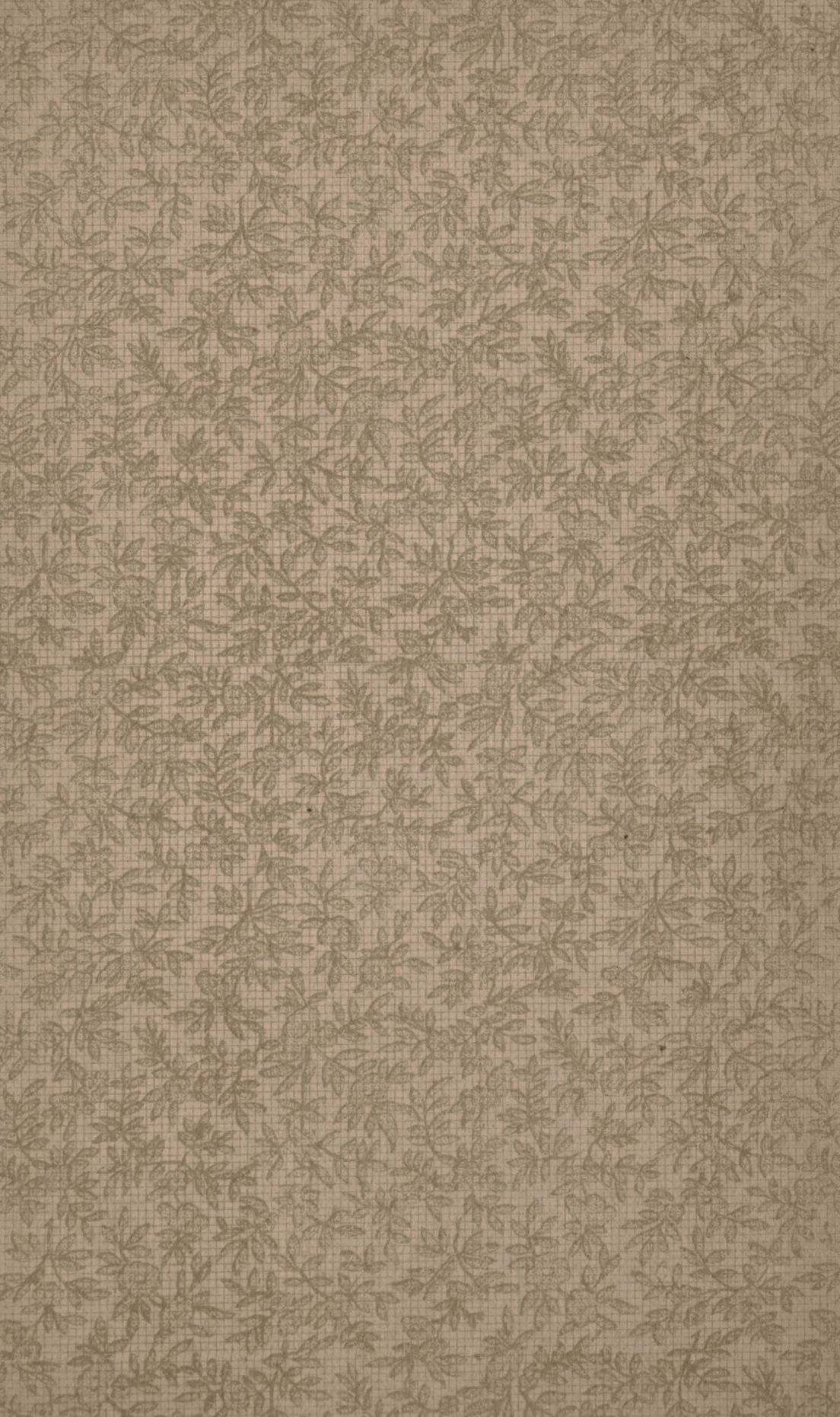
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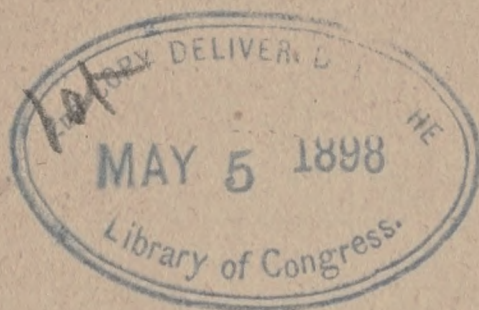
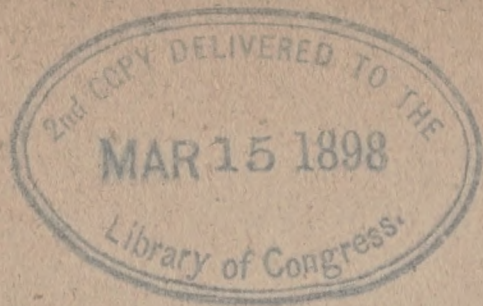
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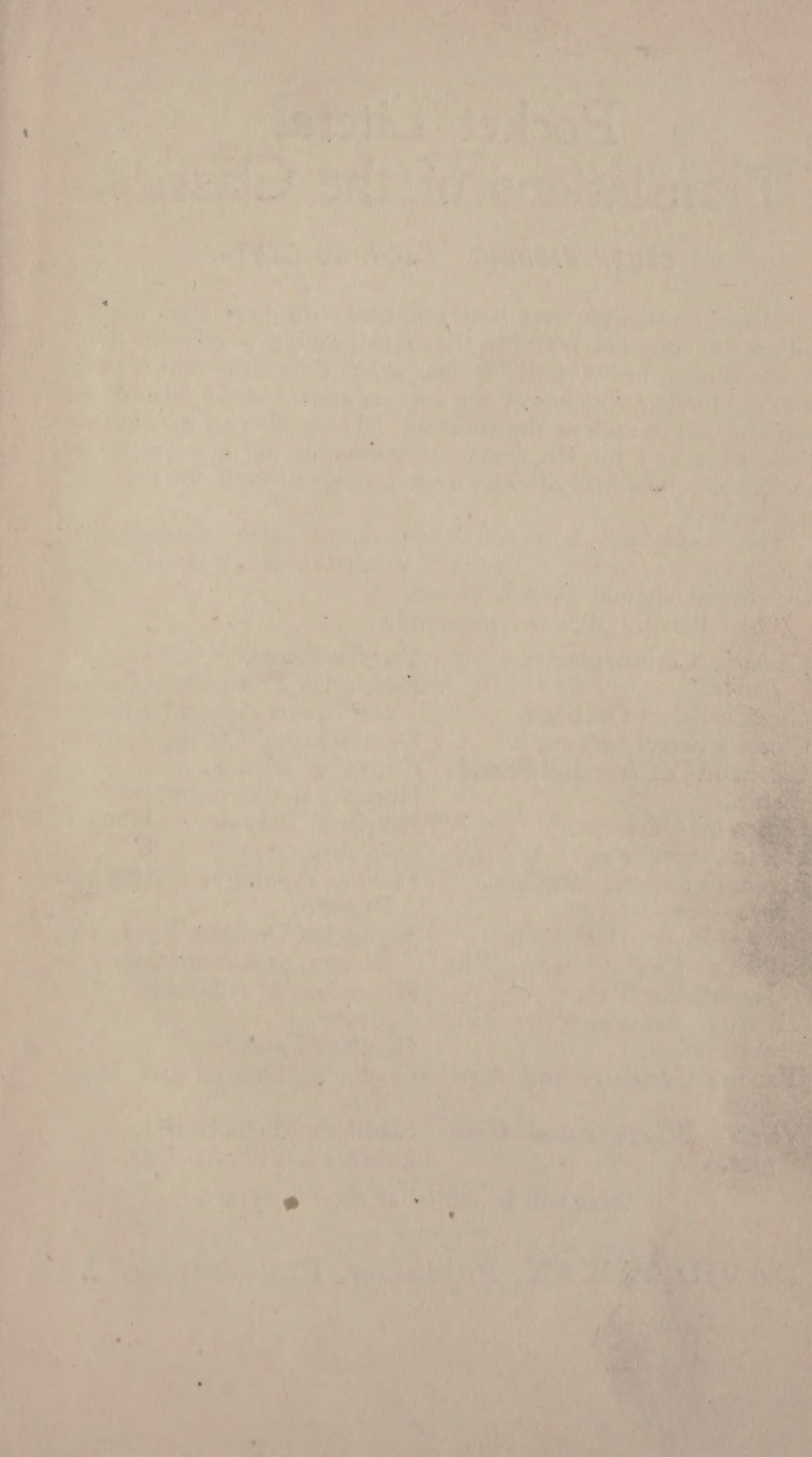
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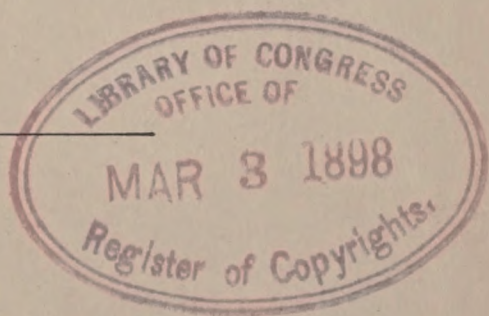
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von
GOETHE'S FAUST

PART ONE

TRANSLATED BY
ANNA SWANWICK

*40
Goethe*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDWARD BROOKS, JR.



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INTRODUCTION.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOËTHE was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main August 28, 1749. His father, a privy-councillor of that city and a man of considerable wealth, was a strict disciplinarian, and most punctilious about the early training of children. His mother could lay claim to better parentage than his father, she being descended from a long line of mayors and judges. There was one other child, a daughter Cornelia, who was about a year younger than her brother. These two children were brought up with a strictness which would astonish both children and parents of the present day; and until her death, at the age of twenty-seven, Cornelia is said to have been Wolfgang's most intimate friend.

At the age of fifteen Goëthe had his first love affair. This fact would not be of great importance except for the bearing it may have had upon his life-work. There are few if any men of a like genius whose literary productions have owed so much to the inspiration of the tender passion, and it is interesting to note the time at which it is supposed the author first felt its influence. The object of his early affection was Gretchen, the daughter of an innkeeper at Offenbach, who was probably somewhat older than himself, and who treated his passion somewhat in the same manner that Miss Chaworth treated the

young and ardent Byron. The young lover was not seriously affected by this treatment, as we are led to believe from his letters that he soon formed another attachment for a friend of his sister, a Charitas Meixner, the daughter of a rich merchant of Worms.

At the age of sixteen Goëthe was sent to Leipsic to pursue the study of law and to perfect himself for practice as a barrister at Frankfort. He spent three years in Leipsic, during which time he did little except to fall in love with Kitty Schönkopf, the daughter of a wine-seller, at whose inn he and his friend Schlosser were accustomed to dine. He also made the acquaintance of Oeser, from whom he took lessons in drawing, and who is said to have exerted a great influence upon the poet's life.

Returning to Frankfort on his nineteenth birthday on account of an illness brought on by a hemorrhage, he made an enforced stay of a year and a half in his native town. In 1770 Goëthe went to Strasburg to complete his legal education, but was much diverted from his studies by his contact with a number of medical students, whose work he found much more to his taste. He studied anatomy and chemistry, and applied himself with much assiduity to the study of alchemy. He went on picnics, wrote poetry, took dancing-lessons and learned the violoncello. The most important event, however, of his life at Strasburg was his acquaintance with Herder, who, five years his senior, tutor of a young German prince, was then spending the winter in Strasburg on account of an affliction of the eyes. In his company Goëthe spent a portion of every day, sometimes the whole day, and from him he learned the teachings of Ossian, the idyllic sim-

plicity of the Vicar of Wakefield, and the power of the great Shakspeare.

It must not be supposed that Goëthe's stay at Strasburg was without its love affair. At Sensenheim, a small village twenty miles from Leipsic, he found in the family of the village pastor his realization of the Vicar of Wakefield, and in the youngest daughter, Frederika, an object for his passionate nature. The young people were a great deal in each other's society, much to the detriment of the legal studies of the young man, who it is said would allow neither storm, cold or darkness to prevent his riding over to spend a few hours in the company of his ladylove. A sincere attachment sprang up between the two young people which might have had a happy termination had not both felt this to be impossible, owing probably to a difference of social standing. They parted with many tears, Goëthe to return to Frankfort to practice his profession, and Frederika to make her life beautiful by many acts of charity. She never married, saying that the heart that Goëthe loved should never love another.

On his return to Frankfort Goëthe was admitted to the bar, and at once began to practice law with such energy and success as to excite the admiration of his associates. His restless spirit and his natural inclination towards literary pursuits did not allow him to remain long in the fetters of jurisprudence, and in 1771 he completed his final sketch of "Götz von Berlichingen."

With the manuscript of this play in his pocket Goëthe went to Wetzlar to attend the sittings of the courts of justice. Here he fell in love with a young girl named Lotte, who was, however, engaged to one Kestner. This

apparently made no difference to Goëthe, who spent much of his time in the company of both Lotte and her fiancé, until finally he discovered that things could not go on in this manner, and abruptly took his departure. This attachment is supposed to have been the inspiration for his "Werther," which is the story of an unrequited love.

In 1774, at the request of Anna Münch, a young lady to whom he was at that time engaged, he composed the play "Clavigo." This play was written in eight days, and was not regarded with great favor by the author's best friends.

About the beginning of the year 1775 Goëthe fell under the influence of Lili Schönemann, the daughter of a rich banker, whose father was dead, but whose mother conducted the business and presided over one of the most brilliant salons in Frankfort. To her inspiration were due a number of small poems and the comedy of "Stella," which was afterwards changed to a tragedy. Neither family approved of this attachment, and, like some of its predecessors, it ended in Goëthe's bidding his ladylove an affecting farewell.

In the latter part of 1775 Goëthe attached himself to the house of the Duke of Weimar and became the intimate associate of the duke, who gave him a seat in the privy council and an income of nine hundred dollars a year. Never free from the influence of some woman, the author here became attached to Charlotte von Stein, who was thirty-three years old and the mother of seven children. To her he told every thought and every action of life, and she became more to him than any of his loves who had preceded her.

In 1786 Goëthe withdrew from Weimar and made a visit to Italy, where he remained until June of 1788. This period is regarded as the most momentous of his intellectual development. He did some writing during this time, but most of his attention was given to drawing. He, however, revised two of his old works and completed his "Iphigenie."

Upon his return to Weimar he met and fell in love with a young girl named Christiane Vulpus, who came to see him with some request in behalf of her brother. She was a girl without much education, but possessed a pretty face, beautiful golden hair and a well-rounded figure, and she eventually became the poet's wife.

During the six years which immediately followed his Italian journey Goëthe devoted a great deal of time to the drama. Though he did very little writing, as director of the new theatre at Mannheim he gave a great deal of attention to the details of scenery and acting. It was not until stimulated by his acquaintance with Schiller that Goëthe again took up his work of literary composition. "Hermann and Dorothea" is said to have been a direct result of this friendship, and was completed in the spring of 1797. The zenith of the poet's fame was reached in the following year in the publication of "Faust," a translation of which is contained in the following pages.

In 1805 the friendship between these two eminent poets was brought to a close by the death of Schiller. Goëthe felt the loss of his friend very deeply, and as a testimonial of his devotion he wrote an epilogue to Schiller's composition, "The Bell," and arranged for its production.

Shortly after his marriage in 1806 Goëthe retired from active affairs, but in 1815 he was again compelled to assume a position in public life by his appointment to the office of prime minister. This position he held until the death of his friend and patron the Grand Duke in 1828. The poet's death, which took place in 1833, seems to have been a very peaceful one. Seated in his arm-chair about half-past eleven the morning of October 22d, after an illness of only a few days, he fell into a deep slumber from which he never awakened.

FAUST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre.

THE MANAGER.
THE DRAMATIC POET.
MERRYMAN.

Characters in the Prologue in Heaven.

THE LORD.
RAPHAEL. }
GABRIEL. } The Heavenly Host.
MICHAEL. }
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Characters in the Tragedy.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES.
WAGNER, a Student.
MARGARET.
MARTHA, Margaret's Neighbor.
VALENTINE, Margaret's Brother.
OLD PEASANT.
A STUDENT.
ELIZABETH, an Acquaintance of Margaret's.
FROSC. }
BRANDER. } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar.
SIEBEL. }
ALTMAYER. }

Witches, old and young; Wizards, Will-o'-the-wisp, Witch
Pedlar, Protophantasmist, Servibilis, Monkeys, Spirits,
Journeymen, Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fortune-
teller, Shepherd, Soldier, Students, etc.

In the Intermezzo.

OBERON.
TITANIA.

ARIEL.
PUCK, etc., etc.

DEDICATION.

Dim forms, ye hover near, a shadowy train,
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole.
Say, shall I strive to hold you once again?
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul?
Ye press around! Come then, resume your reign, 5
As upwards from the vapory mist ye roll;
Within my breast youth's throbbing pulses bound,
Fann'd by the magic air that breathes your march around.
Shades fondly loved appear, your train attending,
And visions fair of many a blissful day; 10
First-love and friendship their found accents blending,
Like to some ancient, half expiring lay;
Sorrow revives, her wail of anguish sending
Back o'er life's devious labyrinthine way,
The dear ones naming who, in life's fair morn, 15
By Fate beguiled, from my embrace were torn.
They hearken not unto my later song,
The souls to whom my earlier lays I sang;
Dispersed for ever is the friendly throng,
Mute are the voices that responsive rang. 20
My song resoundeth stranger crowds among,
E'en their applause is to my heart a pang;
And those who heard me once with joyful heart,
If yet they live, now wander far apart.
A strange unwonted yearning doth my soul, 25
To yon calm solemn spirit-land, upraise;
In faltering cadence now my numbers roll,
As when, on harp Æolian, Zephyr plays;
My pulses thrill, tears flow without control,
A tender mood my steadfast heart o'ersways; 30
What I possess as from afar I see;
Those I have lost become realities to me.

PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

Ye twain, whom I so oft have found
True friends in trouble and distress,
Say, in our scheme on German ground, 35
What prospect have we of success?
Fain would I please the public, win their thanks;
Because they live and let live, as is meet.
The posts are now erected and the planks,
And all look forward to a festal treat. 40
Their places taken, they, with eyebrows rais'd,
Sit patiently, and fain would be amaz'd.
I know the art to hit the public tase,
Yet so perplex'd I ne'er have been before;
'Tis true, they're not accusom'd to the best, 45
But then they read immensely, that's the bore.
How make our entertainment striking, new,
And yet significant and pleasing too?
For to be plain, I love to see the throng,
As to our booth the living tide progresses; 50
As wave on wave successive rolls along,
And through heaven's narrow portal forceful presses,
Still in broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,
With blows their way towards the box they take;
And, as for bread in famine, at the baker's door, 55
For tickets are content their necks to break.
Such various minds the bard alone can sway,
My friend, oh work this miracle to-day!

POET.

Oh speak not of the motley multitude,
 At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight ; 60
 Shut out the noisy crowd, whose vortex rude
 Still draws us downward with resistless might.
 Lead to some nook, where silence loves to brood,
 Where only for the bard blooms pure delight,
 Where love and friendship, gracious heavenly pair, 65
 Our hearts true bliss create, and tend with fostering care.
 What there up-welleth deep within the breast,
 What there the timid lip shap'd forth in sound,
 A failure now, now haply well expressed,
 In the wild tumult of the hour is drown'd ; 70
 Oft doth the perfect form then first invest
 The poet's thought, when years have sped their round ;
 What dazzles satisfies the present hour,
 The genuine lives, of coming years the dower.

MERRYMAN.

This cant about posterity I hate ; 75
 About posterity were I to prate
 Who then the living would amuse? For they
 Will have diversion, ay, and 'tis their due.
 A sprightly fellow's presence at your play,
 Methinks, should always go for something too ; 80
 Whose genial wit the audience still inspires,
 Is not embittered by its changeful mood ;
 A wider circle he desires,
 To move with greater power, the multitude.
 To work, then ! Prove a master in your art ! 85
 Let phantasy with all her choral train,
 Sense, reason, feeling, passion, bear their part.
 But mark ! let folly also mingle in the strain.

PROLOGUE.

15

MANAGER.

And, chief, let incidents enough arise !
 A show they want ; they come to feast their eyes. 90
 When stirring scenes before them are display'd,
 At which the gaping crowd may wondering gaze,
 Your reputation is already made,
 The man you are all love to praise.
 The masses you alone through masses can subdue. 95
 Each then selects in time what suits his bent.
 Bring much, you somewhat bring to not a few,
 And from the house goes every one content.
 You give a piece, in pieces give it, friend !
 Such a ragout, success must needs attend ; 100
 'Tis easy to serve up, as easy to invent.
 A finish'd whole what boots it to present !
 'Twill be in pieces by the public rent.

POET.

How mean such handicraft as this you cannot feel !
 How it revolts the genuine artist's mind ! 105
 The sorry trash in which these coxcombs deal
 Is here approved on principle, I find.

MANAGER.

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit !
 Who on efficient work is bent,
 Must choose the fittest instrument. 110
 Consider ! 'tis soft wood you have to split ;
 Think too for whom you write, I pray !
 One comes to while an hour away ;
 One from the festive board, a sated guest ;
 Others, more dreaded than the rest, 115
 From journal-reading hurry to the play.
 As to a masquerade, with absent minds, they press,
 Sheer curiosity their footsteps winging ;

Ladies display their persons and their dress,
 Actors unpaid their service bringing. 120
 What dreams beguile you on your poet's height?
 What puts a full house in a merry mood?
 More closely view your patrons of the night!
 The half are cold, the other half are rude.
 One, the play over, craves a game of cards; 125
 Another a wild night in wanton joy would spend.
 Poor fool, the muses' fair regards
 Why court for such a paltry end?
 I tell you, give them more, still more, 'tis all I ask.
 Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal; 130
 Your audience seek to mystify, cajole;—
 To satisfy them—that's a harder task.
 What ails thee? art enraptured or distressed?

POET.

Depart! elsewhere another servant choose!
 What! shall the bard his godlike power abuse? 135
 Man's loftiest right, kind nature's high bequest,
 For your mean purpose basely sport away?
 Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast,
 Whence o'er the elements his sway,
 But from the harmony that, gushing from his soul, 140
 Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole?
 When round her spindle, with unceasing drone,
 Nature still whirls th' unending thread of life;
 When Being's jarring crowds, together thrown,
 Mingle in harsh inextricable strife; 145
 Who deals their course unvaried till it falls,
 In rhythmic flow to music's measur'd tone?
 Each solitary note whose genius calls,
 To swell the mighty choir in unison?
 Who in the raging storm sees passion lour, 150

Or flush of earnest thought in evening's glow,
 Who, in the springtide, every fairest flower
 Along the loved one's path would strow ?
 From green and common leaves whose hand doth twine,
 The wreath of glory, won in every field ? 155
 Makes sure Olympus, blends the powers divine ?—
 Man's mighty spirit, in the bard reveal'd !

MERRYMAN.

Come then, employ your lofty inspiration,
 And carry on the poet's avocation,
 Just as we carry on a love affair, 160
 Two meet by chance, are pleased, they linger there
 Insensibly are link'd, they scarce know how ;
 Fortune seems now propitious, adverse now,
 Then come alternate rapture and despair ;
 And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware. 165
 Just such a drama let us now compose,
 Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose !
 Each lives it, not to many is it known,
 'Twill interest wheresoever seiz'd and shown ;
 Bright pictures, but obscure their meaning : 170
 A ray of truth through error gleaming,
 Thus you the best elixir brew,
 To charm mankind, and edify them too.
 Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your play,
 And wait as on an oracle ; while they, 175
 The tender souls, who love the melting mood,
 Suck from your work their melancholy food ;
 Now this one, and now that, you deeply stir,
 Each sees the working of his heart laid bare ;
 Their tears, their laughter, you command with ease ; 180
 The lofty still they honor, the illusive love,

Your finish'd gentlemen you ne'er can please ;
A growing mind alone will grateful prove.

POET.

Then give me back youth's golden prime,
When my own spirit too was growing, 185
When from my heart th' unbidden rhyme
Gush'd forth, a fount for ever flowing ;
Then shadowy mist the world conceal'd,
And every bud sweet promise made,
Of wonders yet to be reveal'd, 190
As through the vales, with blooms inlaid,
Culling a thousand flowers I stray d.
Naught had I, yet a rich profusion ;
The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion.
Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove ;— 195
Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,
The power of hate, the energy of love,
Give me, oh give me back my youth again !

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you certainly require
When foes in battle round you press, 200
When a fair maid, her heart on fire,
Hangs on your neck with fond caress,
When from afar, the victor's crown,
Allures you in the race to run ;
Or when in revelry you drown 205
Your sense, the whirling dance being done.
But the familiar chords among
Boldly to sweep, with graceful cunning,
While to its goal, the verse along
Its winding path is sweetly running ; 210
This task is yours, old gentlemen, to-day ;
Nor are you therefore in less reverence held ;

Age does not make us childish, as folk say,
It finds us genuine children e'en in eld.

MANAGER.

A truce to words, mere empty sound, 215
Let deeds at length appear, my friends !
While idle compliments you round.
You might achieve some useful ends.

Why talk of the poetic vein ?
Who hesitates will never know it ; 220

If bards ye are, as ye maintain,
Now let your inspiration show it.
To you is known what we require,
Strong drink to sip is our desire ;
Come, brew me such without delay ! 225

To-morrow sees undone, what happens not to-day ;
Still forward press, nor ever tire !
The possible, with steadfast trust,
Resolve should by the forelock grasp ;
Then she will ne'er let go her clasp, 230
And labors on, because she must.

On German boards, you're well aware,
The taste of each may have full sway ;
Therefore in bringing out your play,
Nor scenes nor mechanism spare ! 235

Heaven's lamps employ, the greatest and the least.
Be lavish of the stellar lights,
Water, and fire, and rocky heights,
Spare not at all, nor birds nor beast.
Thus let creation's ample sphere 240

Forthwith in this our narrow booth appear,
And with considerate speed, through fancy's spell,
Journey from heaven, thence through the world, to hell !

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

Still quiring as in ancient time
With brother spheres in rival song,
The sun with thunder-march sublime
Moves his predestin'd course along.
Angels are strengthen'd by his sight, 5
Though fathom him no angel may ;
Resplendent are the orbs of light,
As on creation's primal day.

GABRIEL.

And lightly spins earth's gorgeous sphere,
Swifter than thought its rapid flight ; 10
Alternates Eden-brightness clear,
With solemn, dread-inspiring night ;
The foaming waves, with murmurs hoarse,
Against the rocks' deep base are hurl'd ;
And in the sphere's eternal course 15
Are rocks and ocean swiftly whirl'd.

MICHAEL.

And rival tempests rush amain
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And raging form a wondrous chain
Of deep mysterious agency ; 20

Full in the thunder's fierce career,
 Flaming the swift destructions play ;
 But, Lord, thy messengers revere
 The mild procession of thy day.

THE THREE.

Angels are strengthened by thy sight, 25
 Though fathom thee no angel may ;
 Thy works still shine with splendor bright,
 As on creation's primal day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
 And how it fares with us, to ask art fain, 30
 Since then hast kindly welcomed me of yore,
 Thou see'st me also now among thy train.
 Excuse me, fine harangues I cannot make,
 Though all the circle look on me with scorn ;
 My pathos soon thy laughter would awake, 35
 Hadst thou the laughing mood not long forsworn.
 Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
 I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.
 The little world-gold still the self-same stamp retains,
 And is as wondrous now as on the primal day. 40
 Better he might have fared, poor wight,
 Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light ;
 Reason he names it, and doth so
 Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow.
 With deference to your grace, he seems to me 45
 Like any like long-legged grasshopper to be,
 Which ever flies, and flying springs,
 And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.
 Would he but always in the grass repose !
 In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose. 50

THE LORD.

Hast thou naught else to say? Is blame
 In coming here, as ever, thy sole aim?
 Does nothing on the earth to thee seem right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there in miserable plight.
 Men's wretchedness in sooth I so deplore, 55
 Not even I would plague the sorry creatures more.

THE LORD.

Know'st thou my servant, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

THE LORD.

Right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He serves thee in strange fashion, as I think.
 Poor fool! Not earthly is his food or drink.
 An inward impulse hurries him afar, 60
 Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood;
 From heaven claimeth he its brightest star,
 And from the earth craves every highest good,
 And all that's near, and all that's far,
 Fails to allay the tumult in his blood. 65

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
 I will ere long conduct him to the light:
 The gard'ner knoweth, when the green appears,
 That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years.

PROLOGUE.

23

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shalt lose 70
If leave to me thou wilt but give,
Gently to lead him as I choose!

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.
Man still must err, while he doth strive. 75

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you; for not willingly
I traffic with the dead, and still aver
That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much prefer.
I'm not at home to corpses; 'tis my way,
Like cats with captive mice to toy and play. 80

THE LORD.

Enough! 'tis granted thee! Divert
This mortal spirit from his primal source;
Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own, 85
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Agreed!—the wager will be quickly won.
For my success no fears I entertain:
And if my end I finally should gain. 90
Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.
Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake.

THE LORD.

Here too thou'rt free to act without control ;
I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee. 95
Of all the spirits who deny,
The scoffer is least wearisome to me.
Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,
In unconditioned rest he fain would live ;
Hence this companion purposely I give, 100
Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.
But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice !
In the full living beauty still rejoice !
May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,
In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught, 105
And Seeming's changeful forms, around you flowing,
Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought !
(*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And not to break with him am always civil ;
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he, 110
To speak so kindly even to the devil.

Night.

A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber.

FAUST, restless, seated at his desk.

FAUST.

I have, alas ! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labor, studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore, 5
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose,—and learn, 10
That we in truth can nothing know !
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe ;
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me, 15
Neither can devil nor hell now appal me—
Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego !
I may not pretend, aught rightly to know,
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
A means to improve or convert mankind. 20
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure ;
No dog in such fashion would longer live!
Therefore myself to magic I give,
In hope, through spirit-voice and might, 25

Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more, with aching brow,
Need speak of what I nothing know ;
That I the force may recognize
That binds creation's inmost energies ; 30
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.
O full-orb'd moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze !
Beside this desk, at dead of night, 35
Oft have I watched to hail thy light :
Then, pensive friend ! o'er book and scroll,
With soothing power, thy radiance stole !
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime, 40
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew
My spirit, in thy healing dew.

Woe's me ! still prison'd in the gloom 45
Of this abhorr'd and musty room,
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass
But dimly through the painted glass !
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mouldering rust, 50
And to the high vault's topmost bound,
With smoky paper compass'd round ;
With boxes round thee piled, and glass,
And many a useless instrument,
With old ancestral lumber blent— 55
This is thy world ! a world ! alas !
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,

With tighten'd pressure in thy breast?
 Why the dull ache will not depart,
 By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd? 60
 Instead of nature's living sphere,
 Created for mankind of old,
 Brute skeletons surround thee here,
 And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.

Up! Forth into the distant land! 65
 Is not this book of mystery
 By Nostradamus' proper hand,
 An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
 The courses of the stars unroll'd;
 When nature doth her thoughts unfold 70
 To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
 Communion high with her to hold,
 As spirit doth with spirit speak!
 Vain by dull poring to divine
 The meaning of each hallow'd sign. 75
 Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;
 Make answer, if my voice ye hear!

*(He opens the book and perceives the sign of the
 Macrocosmos.)*

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,
 What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
 I feel new rapture, hallow'd and intense, 80
 Through every nerve and vein with ardor glowing.
 Was it a god who character'd this scroll,
 Which doth the inward tumult still,
 The troubled heart with rapture fill,
 And by a mystic impulse, to my soul, 85
 Unveils the working of the wondrous whole?
 Am I a God? What light intense!

In these pure symbols do I see,
Nature exert her vital energy.

Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense ; 90

“Unlock'd the spirit-world doth lie ;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead !
Up scholar, lave, with courage high,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red !”

(He contemplates the sign.)

How all things live and work, and ever blending, 95

Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range !

How powers celestial, rising and descending,

Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange !

Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,

From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing, 100

Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing !

A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !

Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?

Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon

Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart

For solace yearns, ye still impart 105

Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where ?

Ye gush, and must I languish in despair ?

*(He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and
perceives the sign of the Earth-spirit.)*

How all unlike the influence of this sign !

Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher, 110

E'en now my strength is rising higher,

E'en now I glow as with new wine ;

Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,

The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,

To mingle with the lightnings' glare, 115

And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me—
 The moon conceals her light—
 The lamp is quench'd—
 Vapors are rising—Quiv'ring round my head 120
 Flash the red beams—Down from the vaulted roof
 A shuddering horror floats,
 And seizes me !
 I feel it, spirit, prayer-compell'd, 'tis thou
 Art hovering near ! 125
 Unveil thyself !
 Ha ! How my heart is riven now !
 Each sense, with eager palpitation,
 Is strain'd to catch some new sensation !
 I feel my heart surrender'd unto thee ! 130
 Thou must ! Thou must ! Though life should be the fee !
 (*He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the
 sign of the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up :
 the spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me ?

FAUST (*turning aside*).

Dreadful shape !

SPIRIT.

With might,

Thou hast compell'd me to appear,
 Long hast been sucking at my sphere,
 And now—

FAUST.

Woe's me ! I cannot bear thy sight. 135

SPIRIT.

To know me thou did'st breathe thy prayer,
 My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow ;

Me doth thy strong entreaty bow—

Lo ! I am here !—What pitiful despair

Grasps thee, the demigod ! Where's now the soul's deep
cry ? 140

Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceiv'd,

And bore and cherish'd ; which, with ecstasy,

To rank itself with us, the spirits, heav'd ?

Where art thou, Faust ? whose voice I heard resound,

Who towards me press'd with energy profound ? 145

Art thou he ? Thou,—whom thus my breath can blight

Whose inmost being with affright

Trembles, a crush'd and writhing worm !

FAUST.

Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee ?

Faust, and thine equal, I am he ! 150

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,

I float and I wave

With billowy motion !

Birth and the grave,

A limitless ocean, 155

A constant weaving

With change still rife,

A restless heaving,

A glowing life—

Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply, 160

And weave the life garment of deity.

FAUST.

Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end

O'ersweep the world ; how near I feel to thee !

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit, thou dost comprehend.

Not me ! (*Vanishes.*) 165

FAUST (*deeply moved*).

Not thee ?

Whom then ?

I, God's own image !

And not rank with thee ? (*A knock.*)

Oh death ! I know it—'tis my famulus— 170

My fairest fortune now escapes !

That all these visionary shapes

A soulless groveller should banish thus !

(*WAGNER in his dressing-gown and nightcap, a
lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round re-
luctantly.*)

WAGNER.

Pardon ! I heard you here declaim ; 175
A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read ?

Improvement in this art is now my aim,

For nowadays it much avails. Indeed

An actor, oft I've heard it said at least,

May give instruction even to a priest.

FAUST.

Ay, if your priest should be an actor too, 180
As not improbably may come to pass.

WAGNER.

When in his study pent the whole year through,
Man views the world, as through an optic glass,
On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,
How by persuasion can he govern men ? 185

FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow
 Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong control
 Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,
 Idle your toil; the chase you may forego !
 Brood o'er your task ! Together glue, 190
 Cook from another's feast your own ragout,
 Still prosecute your paltry game,
 And fan your ash-heaps into flame !
 Thus children's wonder you'll excite,
 And apes', if such your appetite : 195
 But that which issues from the heart alone,
 Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

WAGNER.

The speaker in delivery will find
 Success alone ; I still am far behind.

FAUST.

A worthy object still pursue ! 200
 Be not a hollow tinkling fool !
 Sound understanding, judgment true,
 Find utterance without art or rule ;
 And when with earnestness you speak,
 Then is it needful cunning words to seek ? 205
 Your fine harangues, so polish'd in their kind,
 Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,
 Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,
 Whistling through wither'd leaves and autumn mist !

WAGNER.

Oh Heavens ! art is long and life is short ! 210
 Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal
 The critic's toil, I'm haunted by this thought,

And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal.
 The very means how hardly are they won,
 By which we to the fountains rise ! 215
 And, haply, ere one-half the course is run,
 Check'd in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST.

Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll
 Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed ?
 Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul, 220
 Thou hast not won the life-restoring draught.

WAGNER.

Your pardon ! 'tis delightful to transport
 Oneself into the spirit of the past,
 To see in times before us how a wise man thought,
 And what a glorious height we have achieved at last. 225

FAUST.

Ay truly ! even to the loftiest star !
 To us, my friend, the ages that are pass'd
 A book with seven seals, close-fasten'd, are ;
 And what the spirit of the times men call,
 Is merely their own spirit after all, 230
 Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.
 Then truly, 'tis a sight to grieve the soul !
 At the first glance we fly it in dismay ;
 A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole ;
 At best a sort of mock-heroic play, 235
 With saws pragmatrical, and maxims sage,
 To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER.

But then the world and man, his heart and brain !
 Touching these things all men would something know.

FAUST.

Ay ! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain ! 240
 Who on the child its true name dares bestow ?
 The few who somewhat of these things have known,
 Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal'd,
 Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob conceal'd,
 Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.— 245
 Excuse me, friend, far now the night is spent,
 For this time we must say adieu.

WAGNER.

Still to watch on I had been well content,
 Thus to converse so learnedly with you.
 But as to-morrow will be Easter-day, 250
 Some further questions grant, I pray ;
 With diligence to study still I fondly cling ;
 Already I know much, but would know everything. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*alone*).

How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,
 Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untir'd, 255
 Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,
 And finding earth-worms, is with joy inspir'd !
 And dare a voice of merely human birth,
 E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude ?
 Yet ah ! thou poorest of the sons of earth, 260
 For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
 Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,
 And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd ;
 So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,
 I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd ! 265
 I, God's own image, from this toil of clay

Already freed, with eager joy who hail'd
 The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,
 Mid light effulgent and celestial day :—
 I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul 270
 With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow
 Through nature's veins, and, still creating, know
 The life of gods,—how am I punish'd now !
 One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal !

Spirit ! I dare not lift me to thy sphere. 275
 What though my power compell'd thee to appear,
 My art was powerless to detain thee here.
 In that great moment, rapture-fraught,
 I felt myself so small, so great ;
 Fiercely didst thrust me from the realm of thought
 Back on humanity's uncertain fate ! 280
 Who'll teach me now ? What ought I to forego ?
 Ought I that impulse to obey ?
 Alas ! our every deed, as well as every woe,
 Impedes the tenor of life's onward way ! 285

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,
 Some feelings cling of baser quality ;
 And when the goods of this world are achiev'd,
 Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.
 Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life, 290
 Grow torpid in the din of earthly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope inspires,
 Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
 A narrow compass limits her desires,
 When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulf of time. 295
 In the deep heart of man care builds her nest,
 O'er secret woes she broodeth there,

Sleepless she rocks herself and scareth joy and rest ;
Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
She may as house and court, as wife and child appear,
As dagger, poison, fire and flood ! 300
Imagined evils chill thy blood,
And what thou ne'er shall lose, o'er that dost shed the
tear.

I am not like the gods ! Feel it I must ;
I'm like the earth-worm, writhing in the dust, 305
Which, as on dust it feeds, its native fare,
Crushed 'neath the passer's tread, lies buried there.

Is it not dust, wherewith this lofty wall,
With hundred shelves, confines me round,
Rubbish, in thousand shapes, may I not call 310
What in this moth-world doth my being bound ?
Here, what doeth fail me, shall I find ?
Read in a thousand tomes that, everywhere,
Self-torture is the lot of human-kind,
With but one mortal happy, here and there ? 315
Thou hollow skull, that grin, what should it say,
But that thy brain, like mine, of old perplexed,
Still yearning for the truth, hath sought the light of day,
And in the twilight wander'd, sorely vexed ?
Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me, — 320
With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder ;
To nature's portals ye should be the key ;
Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts ye fail to stir.
Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse, 325
What she reveals not to thy mental sight,
Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with screws.
Old useless furnitures, yet stand ye here,

Because my sire ye served, now dead and gone.
Old scroll, the smoke of years dost wear, 330
So long as o'er this desk the sorry lamp hath shone.
Better my little means have squandered quite away,
Than burden'd by that little here to sweat and groan !
Wouldst thou possess thy heritage, essay
By use to render it thine own ! 335

What we employ not, but impedes our way,
That which the hour creates, that can it use alone !

But wherefore to yon spot is riveted my gaze ?
Is yonder flasket there a magnet to my sight ?
Whence this mild radiance that around me plays, 340
As when, 'mid forest gloom, reigneth the moon's soft light ?
Hail, precious phial ! Thee, with reverent awe,
Down from thine old receptacle I draw !
Science in thee I hail and human art.

Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and sure, 345
Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart !
I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest ;
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my breast ;
The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away ; 350
Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me ! I'm prepar'd to fly 355
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,
To distant spheres of pure activity.
This life intense, this godlike ecstasy—
Worm that thou art such rapture canst thou earn ?
Only resolve with courage stern and high, 360

Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn ;
 Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals
 Past which in terror others fain would steal !
 Now is the time, through deeds, to show that mortals
 The calm sublimity of gods can feel ; 365
 To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,
 Where phantasy creates her own self-torturing brood,
 Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,
 Around whose narrow jaws rolleth hell's fiery flood ;
 With glad resolve to take the fatal leap, 370
 Though danger threaten thee, to sink in endless sleep !

Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,
 From out thine antiquated case, where thou
 Forgotten hast reposed for many a year !
 Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine, 375
 To glad the earnest guests was thine,
 As each to other passed the generous cheer,
 The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly wrought,
 Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme expound,
 Then drain the goblet at one draught profound, 380
 Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought.
 I to my neighbor shall not reach thee now,
 Nor on thy rich device shall I my cunning show.
 Here is a juice, makes drunk without delay ;
 Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill ; 385
 Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
 My own free choice, be quaff'd with resolute will,
 A solemn festive greeting, to the coming day !

(He places the goblet to his mouth.)

(The ringing of bells, and choral voices.)

Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !

Mortal, all hail to thee, 390

Thou whom mortality,
Earth's sad reality,
Held as in prison.

FAUST.

What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away? 395
Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?
Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
Which once around the darkness of the grave,
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing, 400
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We, his true-hearted,
With spices and myrrh,
Embalmed the departed,
And swathed him with care! 405
Here we conveyed Him,
Our Master, so dear;
Alas! Where we laid Him,
The Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen! 410
Perfect through earthly ruth,
Radiant with love and truth,
He to eternal youth
Soars from earth's prison.

FAUST.

Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong, 415
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?

Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
 The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak ;
 From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
 Aloft to yonder spheres I dare not soar, 420
 Whence sound the tidings of great joy ;
 And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a boy,
 Back it recalleth me to life once more.
 Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
 Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour, 425
 While, fraught with solemn meaning and mysterious power,
 Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss ;
 A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear,
 Drove me to wander on through wood and field ;
 With heaving breast and many a burning tear, 430
 I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
 Gay sports and festive hours proclaimed with joyous pealing,
 This Easter hymn in days of old ;
 And fond remembrance now, doth me, with childlike feel-
 ing,
 Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold. 435
 O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain !
 The tear-drop flows,—Earth, I am thine again !

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

He whom we mourned as dead,
 Living and glorious,
 From the dark grave hath fled, 440
 O'er death victorious ;
 Almost creative bliss
 Waits on his growing powers ;
 Ah ! Him on earth we miss !
 Sorrow and grief are ours. 445
 Yearning he left his own.

Mid sore annoy ;
Ah ! we must needs bemoan,
Master, thy joy !

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,	450
Redeem'd from decay.	
The bonds which imprison	
Your souls, rend away !	
Praising the Lord with zeal,	
By deeds that love reveal,	455
Like brethren true and leal	
Sharing the daily meal,	
To all that sorrow feel	
Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,	
Still is the master near,	460
Still is he here !	

BEFORE THE GATE.

Promenaders of all sorts pass out.

ARTISANS.

Why choose ye that direction, pray ?

OTHERS.

To the hunting-lodge we're on our way.

THE FIRST.

We towards the mill are strolling on.

A MECHANIC.

A walk to Wasserhof were best.	465
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A SECOND.

The road is not a pleasant one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do?

A THIRD.

I'll join the rest.

A FOURTH.

Let's up to Burghof, there you'll find good cheer,
The prettiest maidens and the best of beer,
And brawls of a prime sort.

A FIFTH.

You scapegrace! How; 470
Your skin still itching for a row?
Thither I will not go, I loathe the place.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no! I to the town my steps retrace.

ANOTHER.

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be.

THE FIRST.

And if he is, what matters it to me! 475
With you he'll walk, he'll dance with none but you,
And with your pleasures what have I to do?

THE SECOND.

To-day he will not be alone, he said
His friend would be with him, the curly-head.

STUDENT.

Why how those buxom girls step on! 480
Come, brother, we will follow them anon.
Strong beer, a damsel smartly dress'd,
Stinging tobacco,—these I love the best.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Look at those handsome fellows there !
'Tis really shameful, I declare, 485
The very best society they shun,
After those servant-girls, forsooth, to run.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*).

Not quite so fast ! for in our rear,
Two girls, well-dress'd, are drawing near ;
Not far from us the one doth dwell, 490
And sooth to say I like her well.
They walk demurely, yet you'll see,
That they will let us join them presently.

THE FIRST.

Not I ! restraints of all kinds I detest.
Quick ! let us catch the wild-game ere it flies, 495
The hand on Saturday the mop that plies,
Will on the Sunday fondle you the best.

BURGHER.

No, this new Burgomaster, I like him not ; each hour
He grows more arrogant, now that he's raised to power ;
And for the town, what doth he do for it ? 500
Are not things worse from day to-day ?
To more restraints we must submit,
And taxes more than ever pay.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,
So rosy-cheek'd and trimly dress'd, 505
Be pleas'd to listen to my prayer,
Relieve and pity the distress'd.
Let me not vainly sing my lay !

His heart's most glad whose hand is free.
Now when all men keep holiday, 510
Should be a harvest-day to me.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

I know naught better on a holiday,
Than chatting about war and war's alarms.
When folk in Turkey are all up in arms,
Fighting their deadly battles far away, 515
We at the window stand, our glasses drain,
And watch adown the stream the painted vessels glide,
Then, blessing peace and peaceful times, again
Homeward we turn our steps at eventide.

THIRD BURGHER.

Ay, neighbor ! So let matters stand for me ! 520
There they may scatter one another's brains,
And wild confusion round them see —
So here at home in quiet all remains !

OLD WOMAN (*to the BURGHERS' DAUGHTERS*).

Heyday ! How smart ! The fresh young blood !
Who would not fall in love with you ? 525
Not quite so proud ! 'Tis well and good !
And what you wish, that I could help you to.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha ! I care not to be seen
Walking in public with these witches. True,
My future lover, last St. Andrew's E'en, 530
In flesh and blood she brought before my view.

ANOTHER.

And mine she show'd me also in the glass.
A soldier's figure, with companions bold ;

I look around, I seek him as I pass,
In vain, his form I nowhere can behold.

535

SOLDIERS.

Fortress with turrets
Rising in air,
Damsel disdainful,
Haughty and fair,
These be my prey !
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay !

540

Hark how the trumpet
Thither doth call us,
Where either pleasure
Or death may befall us.
Hail to the tumult !
Life's in the field !
Damsel and fortress
To us must yield.
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay !
Gaily the soldier
Marches away.

545

550

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

Loosed from their fetters are streams and rills
Through the gracious spring-tide's all-quickenning glow ;
Hope's budding joy in the vale doth blow ;
Old Winter back to the savage hills
Withdraweth his force, decrepit now.
Thence only impotent icy grains
Scatters he as he wings his flight,

555

560

Striping with sleet the verdant plains ;
But the sun endureth no trace of white ;
Everywhere growth and movement are rife,
All things investing with hues of life : 565
Though flowers are lacking, varied of dye,
Their colors the motley throng supply.
Turn thee around, and from this height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate, 570
Stream forth the masses, in bright array.
Gladly seek they the sun to-day ;
The Resurrection they celebrate :
For they themselves have risen, with joy,
From tenement sordid, from cheerless room, 575
From bonds of toil, from care and annoy,
From gable and roof's o'erhanging gloom,
From crowded alley and narrow street,
And from the churches' awe-breathing night,
All now have issued into the light. 580
But look ! how spreadeth on nimble feet
Through garden and field the joyous throng,
How o'er the river's ample sheet,
Many a gay wherry glides along :
And see, deep sinking in the tide, 585
Pushes the last boat now away.
E'en from yon far hill's path-worn side
Flash the bright hues of garments gay.
Hark ! Sounds of village mirth arise ;
This is the people's paradise. 590
Both great and small send up a cheer ;
Here am I man, I feel it here.

WAGNER.

Sir Doctor, in a walk with you

There's honor and instruction too :
 Yet here alone I care not to resort, 595
 Because I coarseness hate of every sort.
 This fiddling, shouting, skittling, I detest ;
 I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng ;
 They roar as by the evil one possess'd,
 And call it pleasure, call it song. 600

PEASANTS (*under the linden-tree*).

Dance and song.

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd,
 With ribbon, wreath, and colored vest,
 A gallant show displaying.
 And round about the linden-tree,
 They footed it right merrily. 605

Juchhe ! Juchhe !

Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !

So fiddle-bow was braying.

Our swain amidst the circle press'd,
 He push'd a maiden trimly dress'd, 610
 And jogg'd her with his elbow ;
 The buxom damsel turn'd her head,
 "Now that's a stupid trick !" she said.

Juchhe ! Juchhe !

Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He ! 615

Don't be so rude, good fellow !

Swift in the circle they advance,
 They dance to right, to left they dance,
 The skirts abroad are swinging.

And they grow red, and they grow warm, 620
 Elbow on hip, they arm in arm,

Juchhe ! Juchhe !

Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !

Rest, talking now or singing.

Don't make so free ! How many a maid 625
 Has been betroth'd and then betray'd,
 And has repented after !
 Yet still he flatter'd her aside,
 And from the linden, far and wide,
 Juchhe ! Juchhe ! 630
 Juchheisa ! Heisa ! He !
 Sound fiddle-bow and laughter.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, 'tis really kind of you
 To condescend to come this way,
 A highly-learned man like you 635
 To join our mirthful throng to-day.
 Our fairest cup I offer you,
 Which we with sparkling drink have crown'd,
 And pledging you, I pray aloud,
 That every drop within its round, 640
 While it your present thirst allays,
 May swell the number of your days.

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
 Thanks and prosperity to each !
 (*The crowd gather round in a circle.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Ay, truly ! 'tis well done, that you 645
 Our festive meeting thus attend ;
 You, who in evil days of yore,
 So often show'd yourself our friend !
 Full many a one stands living here,
 Who from the fever's deadly blast 650

Your father rescu'd, when his skill
 The fatal sickness stay'd at last.
 A young man then, each house you sought,
 Where reign'd the mortal pestilence.
 Corpse after corpse was carried forth, 655
 But still unscath'd you issued thence.
 Sore then your trials and severe ;
 The Helper yonder aids the helper here.

ALL.

Heaven bless the trusty friend, and long
 To help the poor his life prolong ! 660

FAUST.

To Him above in homage bend,
 Who prompts the helper and Who help doth send.
 (*He proceeds with WAGNER.*)

WAGNER.

With what emotions must your heart o'erflow,
 Receiving thus the reverence of the crowd !
 Great man ! How happy, who like you doth know 665
 Such use for gifts by heaven bestow'd !
 You to the son the father shows ;
 They press around, inquire, advance,
 Hush'd is the fiddle, check'd the dance.
 Still where you pass they stand in rows, 670
 And each aloft his bonnet throws,
 They fall upon their knees, almost
 As when there passeth by the Host.

FAUST.

A few steps further, up to yonder stone !

Here rest we from our walk. In times long past, 675
Absorb'd in thought, here oft I sat alone,
And disciplin'd myself with prayer and fast.
Then rich in hope, with faith sincere,
With sighs, and hands in anguish press'd,
The end of that sore plague, with many a tear, 680
From heaven's dread Lord, I sought to wrest.
These praises have to me a scornful tone.
Oh, could'st thou in my inner being read
How little either sire or son
Of such renown deserve the meed ! 685
My sire, of good repute, and sombre mood,
O'er nature's powers and every mystic zone,
With honest zeal, but methods of his own,
With toil fantastic loved to brood ;
His time in dark alchemic cell, 690
With brother adepts he would spend,
And there antagonists compel,
Through numberless receipts to blend.
A ruddy lion there, a suitor bold,
In tepid bath was with the lily wed. 695
Thence both, while open flames around them roll'd,
Were tortur'd to another bridal bed.
Was then the youthful queen descried
With many a hue, to crown the task ;—
This was our medicine ; the patients died, 700
“ Who were restored ? ” none cared to ask.
With our infernal mixture thus, ere long,
These hills and peaceful vales among,
We rag'd more fiercely than the pest ;
Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give . 705
They pined away, I yet must live,
To hear the reckless murderers blest.

WAGNER.

Why let this thought your soul o'ercast?
 Can man do more than with nice skill,
 With firm and conscientious will, 710
 Practise the art transmitted from the past?
 If duly you revere your sire in youth,
 His lore you gladly will receive;
 In manhood, if you spread the bounds of truth,
 Then may your son a higher goal achieve. 715

FAUST.

O blest, whom still the hope inspires,
 To lift himself from error's turbid flood!
 What a man knows not, he to use requires,
 And what he knows, he cannot use for good.
 But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw 720
 O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene!
 In the rich sunset see how brightly glow
 Yon cottage homes, girt round with verdant green!
 Slow sinks the orb, the day is now no more;
 Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life. 725
 Oh for a pinion from the earth to soar,
 And after, ever after him to strive!
 Then should I see the world below,
 Bathed in the deathless evening-beams,
 The vales reposing, every height a glow, 730
 The silver brooklets meeting golden streams.
 The savage mountain, with its cavern'd side,
 Bars not my godlike progress. Lo, the ocean,
 Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion,
 To my rapt vision opes its ample tide! 735
 But now at length the god appears to sink;
 A new-born impulse wings my flight,

Onward I press, his quenchless light to drink.
 The day before me, and behind the night,
 The pathless waves beneath, and over me the skies. 740
 Fair dream, it vanish'd with the parting day !
 Alas ! that when on spirit-wing we rise,
 No wing material lifts our mortal clay.
 But 'tis our inborn impulse, deep and strong,
 Upwards and onwards still to urge our flight, 745
 When far above us pours its thrilling song.
 The skylark, lost in azure light,
 When on extended wing amain
 O'er pine-crown'd height the eagle soars,
 And over moor and lake, the crane 750
 Still striveth towards its native shores.

WAGNER.

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,
 But impulse such as this I ne'er have known :
 Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts engage,
 Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind ; 755
 Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind,
 Bear us from book to book, from page to page !
 Then winter nights grow cheerful ; keen delight
 Warms every limb ; and ah ! when we unroll
 Some old and precious parchment, at the sight 760
 All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

FAUST.

Your heart by one sole impulse is possess'd ;
 Unconscious of the other still remain !
 Two souls, alas ! are lodg'd within my breast,
 Which struggle there for undivided reign : 765
 One to the world, with obstinate desire,

And closely cleaving organs, still adheres ;
 Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
 With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
 Oh, are there spirits in the air, 770
 Who float 'twixt heaven and earth dominion wielding,
 Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,
 Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding !
 A magic mantle did I but possess,
 Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings, 775
 I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
 Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

WAGNER.

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait !
 Their troop familiar, streaming through the air,
 From every quarter threaten man's estate, 780
 And danger in a thousand forms prepare !
 They drive impetuous from the frozen north,
 With fangs sharp-piercing, and keen arrowy tongues ;
 From the ungenial east they issue forth,
 And prey, with parching breath, upon your lungs ; 785
 If, wafted on the desert's flaming wing,
 They from the south heap fire upon the brain,
 Refreshment from the west at first they bring,
 Anon to drown thyself and field and plain.
 In wait for mischief, they are prompt to hear ; 790
 With guileful purpose our behests obey ;
 Like ministers of grace they oft appear,
 And lisp like angels, to betray.
 But let us hence ! Grey eve doth all things blend,
 The air grows chill, the mists descend ! 795
 'Tis in the evening first our home we prize —
 Why stand you thus, and gaze with wondering eyes ?
 What in the gloom thus moves you ?

FAUST.

Yon black hound
See'st thou, through corn and stubble scampering round?

WAGNER.

I've mark'd him long, naught strange in him I see ! 800

FAUST.

Note him ! What takest thou the brute to be ?

WAGNER.

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves
His master's track to find once more.

FAUST.

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral curves,
He wheels, each circle closer than before ? 805
And, if I err not, he appears to me
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave.

WAGNER.

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see ;
'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST.

Methinks a magic coil our feet around, 810
He for a future snare doth lightly spread.

WAGNER.

Around us as in doubt I see him shyly bound,
Since he two strangers seeth in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already near !

WAGNER.

A dog dost see, no spectre have we here ;
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly, too,
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do. 815

FAUST.

Come hither, Sirrah ! join our company !

WAGNER.

A very poodle, he appears to be !
Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait ;
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee straight ;
Aught you may lose, again he'll bring,
And for your stick will into water spring. 820

FAUST.

Thou'rt right indeed ; no traces now I see
Whatever of a spirit's agency.
'Tis training—nothing more. 825

WAGNER.

A dog well taught
E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.
Ay, to your favor he's entitled, too,
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due !
(*They enter the gate of the town.*)

Study.

FAUST, (*entering with the poodle*).

Behind me now lie field and plain,
As night her veil doth o'er them draw,
Our better soul resumes her reign
With feelings of foreboding awe.
Lull'd is each stormy deed to rest, 830

And tranquilliz'd each wild desire ; 835
Pure charity doth warm the breast,
And love to God the soul inspire.

Peace, poodle, peace ! Scamper not thus ; obey me !
Why at the threshold snuffest thou so ?
Behind the stove now quietly lay thee, 840
My softest cushion to thee I'll throw.
As thou, without, didst please and amuse me,
Running and frisking about on the hill,
Neither shelter will I refuse thee ;
A welcome guest, if thou'lt be still. 845

Ah ! when within our narrow room,
The friendly lamp again doth glow,
An inward light dispels the gloom
In hearts that strive themselves to know.
Reason begins again to speak, 850
Again the bloom of hope returns,
The streams of life we fain would seek,
Ah, for life's source our spirit yearns.

Cease, poodle, cease ! with the tone that arises,
Hallow'd and peaceful, my soul within, 855
Accords not thy growl, thy bestial din.
We find it not strange, that man despises
What he conceives not ;
The good and the fair he misprizes ;
What lies beyond him he doth contemn ; 860
Snarleth the poodle at it, like men ?

But ah ! E'en now I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,
Contentment wellet up no longer in my breast.
Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be dry,
That we once more athirst should lie ? 865

This sad experience oft I've approv'd !
 The want admitteth of compensation ;
 We learn to prize what from sense is remov'd,
 Our spirits yearn for revelation,

Which nowhere burneth with beauty blent, 870
 More pure than in the New Testament.

To the ancient text an impulse strong
 Moves me the volume to explore,
 And to translate its sacred lore,
 Into the tones beloved of the German tongue. 875

(He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.)

'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Word !"

I pause, perplex'd ! Who now will help afford ?

I cannot the mere Word so highly prize ;

I must translate it otherwise,

If by the spirit guided as I read. 880

"In the beginning was the Sense !" Take heed,

The import of this primal sentence weigh,

Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray !

Is force creative then of Sense the dower ?

"In the beginning was the Power !" 885

Thus should it stand : yet, while the line I trace,

A something warns me, once more to efface.

The spirit aids ! from anxious scruples freed,

I write, "In the beginning was the Deed !"

Am I with thee my room to share, 890

Poodle, thy barking now forbear,

Forbear thy howling !

Comrade so noisy, ever growling,

I cannot suffer here to dwell.

One or the other, mark me well, 895

Forthwith must leave the cell.

I'm loath the guest-right to withhold ;
 The door's ajar, the passage clear ;
 But what must now mine eyes behold !
 Are nature's laws suspended here ? 900
 Real is it, or a phantom show ?
 In length and breadth how doth my poodle grow !
 He lifts himself with threat'ning mien,
 In likeness of a dog no longer seen !
 What spectre have I harbor'd thus ! 905
 Huge as a hippopotamus,
 With fiery eye, terrific tooth !
 Ah ! now I know thee, sure enough !
 For such a base, half-hellish brood,
 The key of Solomon is good. 910

SPIRITS (*without*).

Captur'd there within is one !
 Stay without and follow none !
 Like a fox in iron snare,
 Hell's old lynx is quaking there,
 But take heed ! 915
 Hover round, above, below,
 To and fro,
 Then from durance is he freed !
 Can ye aid him, spirits all,
 Leave him not in mortal thrall ! 920
 Many a time and oft hath he
 Served us, when at liberty.

FAUST.

The monster to confront, at first,
 The spell of Four must be rehears'd ;
 Salamander shall kindle, 925

Writhe nymph of the wave,
In air sylph shall dwindle,
And Kobold shall slave.

Who doth ignore
The primal Four, 930
Nor knows aright
Their use and might,
O'er spirits will he
Ne'er master be !

Vanish in the fiery glow, 935
Salamander !
Rushingly together flow,
Undine !

Shimmer in the meteor's gleam,
Sylphide ! 940
Hither bring thine homely aid,
Incubus ! Incubus !
Step forth ! I do adjure thee thus !

None of the Four
Lurks in the beast : 945
He grins at me, untroubled as before ;
I have not hurt him in the least.
A spell of fear
Thou now shalt hear.

Art thou, comrade fell, 950
Fugitive from Hell ?
See then this sign,
Before which incline
The murky troops of Hell !

With bristling hair now doth the creature swell. 955

Canst thou, reprobate,
 Read the uncreate,
 Unspeakable, diffused
 Throughout the heavenly sphere,
 Shamefully abused, 960
 Transpierced with nail and spear !

Behind the stove, tam'd by my spells,
 Like an elephant he swells ;
 Wholly now he fills the room,
 He into mist will melt away. 965
 Ascend not to the ceiling ! Come,
 Thyself at the master's feet now lay !
 Thou seest that mine is no idle threat.
 With holy fire I will scorch thee yet !
 Wait not the might 970
 That lies in the triple-glowing light !
 Wait not the might
 Of all my arts in fullest measure !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*(As the mist sinks, comes forward from behind the
 stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar.)*

Why all this uproar ? What's the master's pleasure ?

FAUST.

This then the kernel of the brute ! 975
 A travelling scholar ? Why I needs must smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute !
 You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

FAUST.

Thy name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question trifling seems from one
 Who it appears the Word doth rate so low ; 980
 Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
 To Being's depths would penetrate alone.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed
 The inward essence from the name we read,
 As all too plainly it doth appear, 985
 When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.
 Who then art thou ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still
 Produceth good, whilst ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spirit I, which evermore denies ! 990
 And justly ; for whate'er to light is brought
 Deserves again to be reduced to naught ;
 Then better 'twere that naught should be.
 Thus all the elements which ye
 Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name, 995
 As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
 Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,

Himself to be a perfect whole esteems, 1000
Part of the part am I, which at the first was all.

A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
Contesting space and ancient rank with night.
Yet he succeedeth not, for struggle as he will, 1005
To forms material he adhereth still ;
From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
And still the progress of his beams they check ;
And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
Light will, ere long, the doom of matter share. 1010

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess !
Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success.
Oppos'd to nothingness, the world, 1015
This clumsy mass, subsisteth still ;
Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried ;
Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide ! 1020
And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed brood,—
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away !
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair ! 1025
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold !

If fire I had not for myself retain'd,
No sphere whatever had for me remain'd. 1030

FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,
Still clench'd in malice impotent,
Dost the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent !
Henceforth some other task essay, 1035
Of Chaos thou the wondrous son !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,
And talk about it more anon !
For this time have I leave to go ?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I cannot see. 1040
Since one another now we know,
At thy good pleasure, visit me.
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er 1045
Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede ;
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar ?
To me, thou son of hell, explain,
How camest thou in, if this thine exit bar ? 1050
Could such a spirit aught ensnare ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care.
One of the angles, that which points without,
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd ! 1055
So thou my captive art ? No doubt !
By accident thou thus art caught !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught ;
Things now assume another shape.
The devil's in the house and can't escape. 1060

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law,
Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're free
The first to choose ; as to the second, slaves are we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see ! 1065
I'm glad of that ! a pact may then be made,
The which you gentlemen will surely keep ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,
No tittle shall remain unpaid.
But such arrangements time require ; 1070
We'll speak of them when next we meet ;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.

FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,
Me with some happy word to pleasure. 1075

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go ! ere long I'll come again,
Then thou may'st question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

To capture thee was not my will.
Thyself hast freely entered in the snare :
Let him who holds the devil hold him still ! 1080
A second time so soon he will not catch him there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command ;
Only on this condition, understand ;
That worthily thy leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts awhile. 1085

FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so ! Gladly I'll attend ;
But be thine art a pleasant one !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,

This hour enjoyment more intense,
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense
Than thou could'st compass in the bound 1090
Of the whole year's unvarying round ;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odors shall regale your smell, 1095

On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation do we need,
Here we together are. Proceed.

SPIRITS.

Hence overshadowing gloom	1100
Vanish from sight !	
O'er us thine azure dome,	
Bend, beauteous light !	
Dark clouds that o'er us spread,	
Melt in thin air !	1105
Stars, your soft radiance shed,	
Tender and fair.	
Girt with celestial might,	
Winging their airy flight,	
Spirits are thronging.	1110
Follows their forms of light	
Infinite longing !	
Flutter their vestures bright	
O'er field and grove !	
Where in their leafy bower	1115
Lovers the livelong hour	
Vow deathless love.	
Soft bloometh bud and bower !	
Bloometh the grove !	
Grapes from the spreading vine	1120
Crown the full measure ;	
Fountains of foaming wine	
Gush from the pressure.	
Still where the currents wind,	
Gems brightly gleam.	1125
Leaving the hills behind	

On rolls the stream ;
 Now into ample seas,
 Spreadeth the flood ;
 Laving the sunny leas, 1130
 Mantled with wood.
 Rapture the feather'd throng,
 Gaily careering,
 Sip as they float along ;
 Sunward they're steering ; 1135
 On towards the isles of light
 Winging their way,
 That on the waters bright
 Dancingly play.
 Hark to the choral strain, 1140
 Joyfully ringing !
 While on the grassy plain
 Dancers are springing ;
 Climbing the steep hill's side,
 Skimming the glassy tide, 1145
 Wander they there ;
 Others on pinions wide
 Wing the blue air ;
 On towards the living stream,
 Towards yonder stars that gleam, 1150
 Far, far away ;
 Seeking their tender beam
 Wing they their way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits ! now he slumbers ;
 Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers ; 1155
 This minstrelsy of yours I must repay.—
 Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast !—

With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,
 And plunge him in a sea of dreams !
 But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed 1160
 Tooth of rat the way must clear.
 I need not conjure long, it seems,
 One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will hear.

The master of the rats and mice,
 Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice, 1165
 Commands thy presence ; without fear
 Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,
 Where he with oil has smear'd it.—Thou
 Com'st hopping forth already ! Now
 To work ! The point that holds me bound 1170
 Is in the outer angle found.
 Another bite—so—now 'tis done—
 Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded ! must I deem
 This troop of thronging spirits all ideal ? 1175
 The devil's presence, was it nothing real ?
 The poodle's disappearance but a dream ?

Study.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock ? Come in ! Who now would break my rest ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I !

FAUST.

Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words express'd.

FAUST.

Then I repeat, Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well, 1180

I hope that we shall soon agree !
 For now your fancies to expel,
 Here, as a youth of high degree,
 I come in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,
 And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd, 1185
 A cock's gay feather for a plume,
 A long and pointed rapier, too ;
 And briefly I would counsel you
 To don at once the same costume,
 And, free from trammels, speed away, 1190
 That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,
 My heart to earth's low cares a prey.
 Too old the trifler's part to play,
 Too young to live by no desire possess'd. 1195
 What can the world to me afford ?
 Renounce ! renounce ! is still the word ;
 This is the everlasting song
 In every ear that ceaseless rings,
 And which, alas, our whole life long, 1200
 Hoarsely each passing moment sings.
 But to new horror I awake each morn,
 And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun

Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
 Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one. 1205
 Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
 E'en the presentiment of every joy,
 While low realities and paltry cares
 The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
 And must I then, when falls the veil of night, 1210
 Stretch'd on my pallet languish in despair ;
 Appalling dreams my soul affright ;
 No rest vouchsafed me even there.
 The god, who throned within my breast resides,
 Deep in my soul can stir the springs ; 1215
 With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
 He cannot move external things ;
 And so existence is to me a weight,
 Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd 1220
 That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds
 The blood-stain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour ;
 Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
 Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower ! 1225
 O that before the lofty spirit's might,
 Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain one night,
 Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you, then ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own, 1230
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring maze,
Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling,
With the sweet harmonies of happier days ; 1235
So curse I all, around the soul that windeth
Its magic and alluring spell,
And with delusive flattery bindeth
Its victim to this dreary cell !
Curs'd before all things be the high opinion, 1240
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around !
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound !
Accurs'd of dreams the treacherous wiles,
The cheat of glory, deathless fame ! 1245
Accurs'd what each as property beguiles,
Wife, child, slave, plough, whate'er its name !
Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds incite ;
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure, 1250
He spreads the couch of soft delight !
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice !
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first !
Accurs'd be hope ! accurs'd be faith !
And more than all, be patience curs'd ! 1255

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe ! woe !
Thou hast destroy'd

The beautiful world
 With violent blow ;
 'Tis shiver'd ! 'tis shatter'd ! 1260
 The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd !
 Now we sweep
 The wrecks into nothingness !
 Fondly we weep
 The beauty that's gone ! 1265
 Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,
 Lofty and mighty one,
 Build it once more !
 In thine own bosom the lost world restore !
 Now with unclouded sense 1270
 Enter a new career ;
 Songs shall salute thine ear,
 Ne'er heard before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
 Hark ! with shrewd intelligence, 1275
 How they recommend to thee
 Action, and the joys of sense !
 In the busy world to dwell,
 Fain they would allure thee hence :
 For within this lonely cell, 1280
 Stagnate sap of life and sense.
 Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
 Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.
 The worst society is some relief,
 Making thee feel thyself a man with men. 1285
 Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
 To thrust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.
 I to the upper ranks do not belong ;

Yet if, by me companion'd, thou
Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take, 1290
Upon the spot myself I'll make
Thy comrade ;—
Should it suit thy need,
I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed !

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay ? 1295

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast !

FAUST.

No ! no !

The devil is an egotist I know ;
And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way
Kindness to any one to show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest ; 1300
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,
Still at thy back alert and prompt to be ;
But when together *yonder* we appear,
Then shalt thou do the same for me. 1305

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world ;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,
This sun doth daily shine upon my woe, 1310
And if this world I must forego,

Let happen then,—what can and will.
 I to this theme will close mine ears,
 If men hereafter hate and love,
 And if there be in yonder spheres 1315
 A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayst venture it. But make
 The compact, and at once I'll undertake
 To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
 Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before. 1320

FAUST.

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?
 Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
 Fathom'd by Being such as thou?
 Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
 Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow 1325
 Like restless quicksilver away,
 A game thou hast, at which none win who play,
 A girl who would, with amorous eyen,
 E'en from my breast, a neighbor snare,
 Lofty ambition's joy divine, 1330
 That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
 Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
 And trees whose verdure daily buds anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not,
 I can provide such treasures, it is true ; 1335
 But, my good friend, a season will come round,
 When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm found,
 Then may my life that instant cease ;
 Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
 Till self-reproach away I cast?— 1340
 Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile?—
 Let that day be for me the last !
 Be this our wager !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Settled !

FAUST.

Sure and fast !

When to the moment I shall say, 1345
 "Linger awhile, so fair thou art !"
 Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
 Then to the abyss will I depart ;
 Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
 Then from thy service thou art free, 1350
 The index then may cease its round,
 And time be never more for me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember ; pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou,
 My strength I do not rashly overrate. 1355
 Slave am I here, at any rate,
 If thine, or whose, it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At thine inaugural feast I will this day

Attend, my duties to commence.—

But one thing!—Accidents may happen, hence 1360
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, Pedant! dost demand from me?
Man, and man's plighted word, are these unknown to thee?
Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,
My doom for evermore is cast? 1365

Doth not the world in all its currents rave,
And must a promise hold me fast?
Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart;
Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part?
How blest within whose breast truth reigneth pure! 1370

No sacrifice will he repent when made!
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.
The word its life resigneth in the pen,
Leather and wax usurp the mastery then. 1375

Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire?
Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write?
Thy choice is free; to me 'tis all the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite, 1380
And thus thine eloquence inflame?
A scrap is for our compact good.
Thou under-signest merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,
Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd. 1385

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of very special kind.

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word !

The scope of all my energy

Is in exact accordance with my vow.

Vainly I have aspired too high ; 1390

I'm on a level but with such as thou ;

Me the great spirit scorn'd, defied ;

Nature from me herself doth hide ;

Rent is the web of thought ; my mind

Doth knowledge loathe of every kind. 1395

In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,

Let us our fiery passions still !

Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,

Let wondrous charms our senses thrill !

Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow, 1400

Stem we the rolling surge of chance !

There may alternate weal and woe,

Success and failure, as they can,

Mingle and shift in changeful dance !

Excitement is the sphere for man. 1405

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal, nor measure is prescrib'd to you.

If you desire to taste of every thing,

To snatch at joy while on the wing,

May your career amuse and profit too !

Only fall to and don't be over coy ! 1410

FAUST.

Hearken ! . The end I aim at is not joy ;

I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,

Enamor'd hatred, quickening vexation.
 Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
 The scope of all my powers henceforth be this, 1415
 To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
 In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
 To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
 Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
 And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind, 1420
 And share at length with them the shipwreck of mankind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,
 Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,
 No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
 Digests the ancient leaven ! Know, this Whole 1425
 Doth for the Deity alone subsist !
 He in eternal brightness doth exist,
 Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here
 Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit ! 1430
 But one thing puzzles me, my friend ;
 Time's short, art long ; methinks 'twere fit
 That you to friendly counsel should attend.
 A poet choose as your ally !
 Let him thought's wide dominion sweep, 1435
 Each good and noble quality,
 Upon your honored brow to heap ;
 The lion's magnanimity,
 The fleetness of the hind,

The fiery blood of Italy, 1440
 The Northern's steadfast mind !
 Let him to you the mystery show
 To blend high aims and cunning low ;
 And while youth's passions are aflame
 To fall in love by rule and plan ! 1445
 I fain would meet with such a man ;
 Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What then am I, if I aspire in vain
 The crown of our humanity to gain,
 Towards which my every sense doth strain? 1450

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all—just what thou art.
 Put on thy head a wig with countless locks,
 Raise to a cubit's height thy learned socks,
 Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain 1455
 The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain
 And when at length from studious toil I rest,
 No power, new-born, springs up within my breast,
 A hair's breadth is not added to my height
 I am no nearer to the infinite. 1460

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good Sir, those things you view indeed
 Just as by other men they're view'd ;
 We must more cleverly proceed,
 Before life's joys our grasp elude.
 The devil ! thou hast hands and feet, 1465

And head and heart are also thine ;
 What I enjoy with relish sweet,
 Is it on that account less mine ?
 If for six stallions I can pay,
 Do I not own their strength and speed ? 1470
 A proper man I dash away,
 As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
 Up then, from idle pondering free,
 And forth into the world with me !
 I tell you what ;—your speculative churl 1475
 Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads
 On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,
 While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed,
 A place of torment this indeed ! 1480
 A precious life, thyself to bore,
 And some few youngsters evermore !
 Leave it to neighbor Paunch ;—withdraw,
 Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing straw ?
 The very best that thou dost know 1485
 Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.
 One in the passage now doth wait !

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad ! He must be tired, I trow ;
 He must not go disconsolate. 1490

Hand me thy cap and gown ; the mask
Is for my purpose quite first rate.

(He changes his dress.)

Now leave it to my wit ! I ask
But quarter of an hour ; meanwhile equip,
And make all ready for our pleasant trip ! 1495
(Exit FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *(in FAUST's long gown)*.

Mortal ! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and Knowledge, only thus contemn,
Still let the Prince of lies, without control,
With shows, and mocking charms delude thy soul,
I have thee unconditionally then !— 1500
Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrain'd still presses on for ever,
And whose precipitate endeavor
Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.
Him will I drag through life's wild waste, 1505
Through scenes of vapid dulness, where at last
Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick fast ;
And, still to mock his greedy haste,
Viands and drink shall float his craving lips beyond—
Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost, 1510
And were he not the devil's by his bond,
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost !

A STUDENT enters.

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home,
Full of devotion am I come
A man to know and hear, whose name 1515
With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me !
A man like other men you see ;
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere ?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care ! 1520
I've youthful blood and courage high ;
Of gold I bring a fair supply ;
To let me go my mother was not fain ;
But here I longed true knowledge to attain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place. 1525

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.
These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom ;
The space is narrow, nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen ; 1530
And in these halls, with benches lined,
Sight, hearing fail, fails too my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But before long, its eager thirst 1535
Is fain to slake with hearty zest ;
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy ;
To reach it, say, what means must I employ ? 1540

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose?

STUDENT.

Profoundly learned I would grow,
What heaven contains would comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend, 1545
Nature and science I desire to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find,
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase !
Though to be sure I fain would seize, 1550
On pleasant summer holidays,
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies ;
Method will teach you time to win ;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise, 1555
With college logic to begin !
Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep, 1560
Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,
Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free, 1565

Require a process ;—one ! two ! three !
 In truth the subtle web of thought
 Is like the weaver's fabric wrought :
 One treadle moves a thousand lines,
 Swift dart the shuttles to and fro, 1570
 Unseen the threads together flow,
 A thousand knots one stroke combines.
 Then forward steps your sage to show,
 And prove to you, it must be so ;
 The first being so, and so the second, 1575
 The third and fourth deduc'd we see ;
 And if there were no first and second,
 Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
 This, scholars of all countries prize, —
 Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise. 1580
 He who would know and treat of aught alive,
 Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive :
 Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
 There only fails, alas ! the spirit-band.
 This process chemists name, in learned thesis, 1585
 Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis*.

STUDENT.

Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,
 When of scholastic forms you learn the use ;
 And how by method all things to reduce. 1590

STUDENT.

So doth all this my brain confound,
 As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn !
There see that you profoundly comprehend 1595
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend ;
For that which is or is not in the head
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.
But before all strive this half year
From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve ! 1600
Five lectures daily you must hear ;
The hour still punctually observe !
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And closely in your manual look,
Hereby may you be quite aware 1605
That all he utters standeth in the book ;
Yet write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation !

STUDENT.

This, Sir, a second time you need not say !
Your counsel I appreciate quite ; 1610
What we possess in black and white,
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty I pray you name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known, 1615
And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.

Customs and laws in every place,
 Like a disease, an heir-loom dread,
 Still trail their curse from race to race,
 And furtively abroad they spread. 1620
 To nonsense, reason's self they turn ;
 Beneficence becomes a pest ;
 Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born !
 As for the law born with us, unexpressed ;—
 That law, alas, none careth to discern. 1625

STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth
 Whom you instruct, is blest in sooth.
 To try theology I feel inclined.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,
 But as regards this science, you will find, 1630
 So hard it is to shun the erring way,
 And so much hidden poison lies therein,
 Which scarce can you discern from medicine.
 Here, too, it is the best to listen but to one,
 And by the master's words to swear alone. 1635
 To sum up all—To words hold fast !
 Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
 You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.

STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right ! But o'er-anxious thought you'll find of no avail,
 For there precisely where ideas fail, 1640
 A word comes opportunely into play.

Most admirable weapons words are found,
On words a system we securely ground,
In words we can conveniently believe, 1645
Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity;
Yet once more must I trouble you :
On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
A pregnant utterance or two ! 1650
Three years ! how brief the appointed tide !
The field, heaven knows, is all too wide !
If but a friendly hint be thrown,
Tis easier than to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone, 1655
And must again the genuine devil play.

(*Aloud.*)

Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,
The great and little world you study through,
That things may then their course pursue,
As heaven may please. 1660
In vain abroad you range through science's ample space,
Each man learns only that which learn he can ;
Who knows the moment to embrace,
He is your proper man.
In person you are tolerably made, 1665
Nor in assurance will you be deficient :
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
Others will then esteem you a proficient.
Learn chiefly with the sex to deal !

Their thousand ahs and ohs, 1670
These the sage doctor knows,
He only from one point can heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humor as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse, 1675
That you in your profession take the lead :
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead ;
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist ;—and how to press, 1680
With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that ! one sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey is, young friend, all theory :
And green of life the golden tree. 1685

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me.
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit : 1690
Here is my album, do not, Sir, deny
This token of your favor !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly !
(He writes and returns the book.)

STUDENT *(reads)*.

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.
(He reverently closes the book and retires.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,
 My cousin follow still, the wily snake, 1695
 And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool
 Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will quake !

FAUST *(enters)*.

Whither away ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.
 The little world, and then the great we'll view.
 With what delight, what profit too, 1700
 Thou'lt revel through thy gay career !

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need
 The easy manners that insure success :
 Th' attempt I fear can ne'er succeed ;
 To mingle in the world I want address ; 1705
 I still have an embarrass'd air, and then
 I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give ;
 Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learn'd to live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray?
 Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they? 1710

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide,
 'Twill serve whereon through air to ride,
 No heavy baggage need you take,
 When we our bold excursion make, 1715
 A little gas, which I will soon prepare,
 Lifts us from earth; aloft through air,
 Light laden, we shall swiftly steer;—
 I wish you joy of your new life-career.

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.

(A DRINKING PARTY.)

FROSCH.

No drinking? Naught a laugh to raise? 1720
 None of your gloomy looks, I pray!
 You, who so bright were wont to blaze,
 Are dull as wetted straw to-day.

BRANDER.

'Tis all your fault; your part you do not bear,
 No beastliness, no folly. 1725

FROSCH.

(*pours a glass of wine over his head.*)

There,

You have them both!

BRANDER.

You double beast!

FROSCH.

'Tis what you ask'd me for, at least !

SIEBEL.

Whoever quarrels, turn him out !
With open throat drink, roar, and shout.
Hollo ! Hollo ! Ho !

1730

ALTMAYER.

Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers !
Bring cotton-wool ! He splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,
Then first the full power of the bass is known.

FROSCH.

Right ! out with him who takes offence !
A tara lara la !

1735

ALTMAYER.

A tara lara la !

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned. Come let's commence.

(*Sings.*)

The holy Roman empire now,
How holds it still together ?

1740

BRANDER.

An ugly song ! a song political !
A song offensive ! Thank God, every morn
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not born !
I bless my stars at least that mine is not
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot.

1745

Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er the rest ;
 That we elect a pope I now suggest.
 Ye know, what quality ensures
 A man's success, his rise secures.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Bear, lady nightingale above, 1750
 Ten thousand greetings to my love.

SIEBEL.

No greetings to a sweetheart ! No love-songs shall there be !

FROSCH.

Love greetings and love-kisses ! Thou shalt not hinder me !

(*Sings.*)

Undo the bolt ! in stilly night,
 Undo the bolt ! thy love's awake ! 1755
 Shut to the bolt ! with morning light—

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing away, sing on, her praises sound ;—the snake !
 My turn to laugh will come some day.
 Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll play.
 Some gnome her lover be ! where cross-roads meet, 1760
 With her to play the fool ; or old he-goat,
 From Blooksborg coming in swift gallop, bleat
 A good night to her, from his hairy throat !
 A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood,
 Is for the damsel far too good ; 1765
 The greeting she shall have from me,
 To smash her window-panes will be !

BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence ! Attend ! to me give ear !

Confess, sirs, I know how to live :
 Some love-sick folk are sitting here ! 1770
 Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,
 That I a good-night strain to them should give.
 Hark ! of the newest fashion is my song !
 Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong !

(*He sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat, 1775
 He feasted there on butter,
 Until his paunch became as fat
 As that of Doctor Luther.
 The cook laid poison for the guest,
 Then was his heart with pangs oppress'd, 1780
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran abroad,
 Of every puddle drinking.
 The house with rage he scratch'd and gnaw'd,
 In vain,—he fast was sinking ; 1785
 Full many an anguish'd bound he gave,
 Nothing the hapless brute could save,
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

1790

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

By torture driven, in open day,
 The kitchen he invaded,

Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,
 With anguish sorely jaded ;
 The poisoner laugh'd, Ha ! ha ! quoth she, 1795
 His life is ebbing fast, I see,
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

SIEBEL.

How the dull boors exulting shout !
 Poison for the poor rats to strew 1800
 A fine exploit it is no doubt.

BRANDER.

They, as it seems, stand well with you !

ALTMAYER.

Old bald-pate ! with the paunch profound !
 The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature ;
 For he his counterpart hath found 1805
 Depicted in the swollen creature.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I now must introduce to you
 Before aught else, this jovial crew,
 To show how lightly life may glide away ;
 With the folk here each day's a holiday. 1810
 With little wit and much content,
 Each on his own small round intent,
 Like sportive kitten with its tail ;
 While no sick-headache they bewail,
 And while their host will credit give, 1815
 Joyous and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

They're off a journey, that is clear,—
They look so strange ! they've scarce been here
An hour.

FROSCH.

You're right ! Leipzig's the place for me !
'Tis quite a little Paris ; people there 1820
Acquire a certain easy finish'd air.

SIEBEL.

What take you now these travellers to be ?

FROSCH.

Let me alone ! O'er a full glass you'll see,
As easily I'll worm their secret out
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt 1825
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

BRANDER.

They are but mountebanks, I'll lay a bet !

ALTMAYER.

Most like.

FROSCH.

Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST).

These fellows would not scent the devil out, 1830
E'en though he had them by the very throat !

FAUST.

Good-morrow, gentlemen !

SIEBEL.

Thanks for your fair salute.

(Aside, glancing at MEPHISTOPHELES.)

How ! goes the follow on a halting foot ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted here with you to sit ?

Then though good wine is not forthcoming here,

1835

Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.

FROSCH.

You're doubtless recently from Rippach ? Pray,

Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop !

1840

When last we met him he had much to say

Touching his cousins, and to each he sent

Full many a greeting and kind compliment.

*(With an inclination towards FROSCH.)*ALTMAYER *(aside to FROSCH)*.

You have it there !

SIEBEL.

Faith ! he's a knowing one !

FROSCH.

Have patience ! I will show him up anon !

1845

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unless I err, as we drew near

We heard some practis'd voices pealing,

A song must admirably here
Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling !

FROSCH.

That you're an amateur one plainly sees ! 1850

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast much skill.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you will.

SIEBEL.

But be it a brand-new one, if you please !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But recently returned from Spain are we,
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy. 1855

(*Sings.*)

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea —

FROSCH.

Hark ! did you rightly catch the words ? a flea !
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

A king there was once reigning, 1860

Who had a goodly flea,

Him loved he without feigning,

As his own son were he !

His tailor then he summon'd,

The tailor to him goes : 1865

Now measure me the youngster
For jerkin and for hose !

BRANDER.

Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge,
The nicest measurement to take,
And as he loves his head, to make
The hose quite smooth and not too large !

1870

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and in velvet,
Behold the younker dressed ;
Bedizen'd o'er with ribbons,
A cross upon his breast.
Prime minister they made him,
He wore a star of state ;
And all his poor relations
Were courtiers rich and great.

1875

The gentlemen and ladies
At court were sore distressed ;
The Queen and all her maidens
Were bitten by the pest,
And yet they dared not scratch them,
Or chase the fleas away.
If we are bit, we catch them,
And crack without delay.

1880

1885

CHORUS (*shouting*).

If we are bit, etc.

FROSCH.

Bravo ! That's the song for me !

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate of every flea !

1890

BRANDER.

With clever finger catch and kill.

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for wine and freedom still !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,
A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

SIEBEL.

You'd better not repeat those words again !

1895

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid the landlord to offend ;
Else freely would I treat each worthy guest
From our own cellar to the very best.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then ! Your doings I'll defend.

FROSCH.

Give a good glass, and straight we'll praise you, one and
all.

1900

Only let not your samples be too small ;
For if my judgment you desire,
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

I guess, they're from the Rhenish land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fetch me a gimlet here !

BRANDER.

Say, what therewith to bore ?

1905

You cannot have the wine-casks at the door ?

ALTMAYER.

Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet*).

(*To FROSCH.*)

Now only say ! what liquor will you take ?

FROSCH.

How mean you that ? have you of every sort ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may his own selection make.

1910

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*).

Ha ! Ha ! You lick your lips already at the thought.

FROSCH.

Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I propose ;
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where
FROSCH is sitting*).

Get me a little wax—and make some stoppers—quick !

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick !

1915

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*).

And you ?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me .

Right brisk and sparkling let it be !

(*MEPHISTOPHELES bores, one of the party has in
the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and
stopped* the holes.*)

BRANDER.

What foreign is one always can't decline,
 What's good is often scatter'd far apart.
 The French your genuine German hates with all his heart,
 Yet has a relish for their wine. 1920

SIEBEL

(as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches him).

I like not acid wine, I must allow,
 Give me a glass of genuine sweet !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*bores*).

Tokay

Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.

ALTMAYER.

Come ! look me in the face ! no fooling now ! 1925
 You are but making fun of us, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah ! ah ! that would indeed be making free
 With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay ;
 What liquor can I serve you with, I pray ?

ALTMAYER.

Only be quick, it matters not to me. 1930
 (*After the holes are all bored and stopped.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with strange gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stock bears,
 Horns the buck-goat wears !
 Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
 The wooden board yields wine as good.
 With a deeper glance and true 1935

The mysteries of nature view !
 Have faith and here's a miracle !
 Your stoppers draw and drink your fill !

ALL

(as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass).

Oh beauteous spring, which flows so fair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill not a single drop, of this beware !

1940

(They drink repeatedly.)

ALL *(sing).*

Happy as cannibals are we,
 Or as five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, mark their elevation !

FAUST.

Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attend, of bruitishness ere long
 You'll see a glorious revelation.

1945

SIEBEL

(drinks carelessly ; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame).

Help ! fire ! help ! Hell is burning !

MEPHISTOPHELES

(addressing the flames).

Stop,

Kind element, be still, I say !

(*To the Company.*)

Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.

SIEBEL.

What means the knave ! For this you'll dearly pay !
Us, it appears, you do not know.

1950

FROSCH.

Such tricks a second time he'd better show !

ALTMAYER.

Methinks 'twere well we pack'd him quietly away.

SIEBEL.

What, sir ! with us your hocus-pocus play !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-cask !

SIEBEL.

How ! add insult, too !

1955

Vile broomstick !

BRANDER.

Hold ! or blows shall rain on you.

ALTMAYER.

(*draws a stopper out of the table ; fire springs out
against him.*)

I burn ! I burn !

SIEBEL.

'Tis sorcery, I vow !

Strike home ! The fellow is fair game, I trow !

(*They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).

Visionary scenes appear !

Words delusive cheat the ear !

1960

Be ye there, and be ye here !

(*They stand amazed and gaze on each other.*)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land !

FROSCH.

Vineyards ! unless my sight deceives ?

SIEBEL.

And clust'ring grapes, too, close at hand !

BRANDER.

And underneath the spreading leaves,

1965

What stems there be ! What grapes I see !

(*He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same, and raise their knives.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take !

Note how the devil loves a jest to break !

(*He disappears with FAUST ; the fellows draw back from one another.*)

SIEBEL.

What was it ?

ALTMAYER.

How ?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose ?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*).

And look, my hand doth thine enclose !

1970

ALTMAYER.

I felt a shock, it went through every limb !
A chair ! I'm fainting ! All things swim !

FROSCH.

Say what has happened, what's it all about ?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow ? Could I scent him out,
His body from his soul I'd soon divide !

1975

ALTMAYER.

With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride——
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.

(*Turning to the table.*)

Would that the wine again were flowing !

SIEBEL.

'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.

1980

FROSCH.

'Twas wine I drank, most certainly.

BRANDER.

What of the grapes, too,—where are they ?

ALTMAYER.

Who now will miracles gainsay ?

WITCHES' KITCHEN.

*A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth ;
various figures appear in the vapor rising from it.
A FEMALE MONKEY sits beside the caldron to
skim it, and watch that it does not boil over.*

The MALE MONKEY with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest !
 Dost promise that in this foul nest 1985
 Of madness, I shall be restored ?
 Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame ?
 And can she, by these rites abhorred,
 Take thirty winters from my frame ?
 Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest ! 1990
 Hope has already fled my breast.
 Has neither nature nor a noble mind
 A balsam yet devis'd of any kind ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,
 Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth : 1995
 But in another book the lesson's writ ;—
 It forms a curious chapter, I admit.

FAUST.

I fain would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good ! A remedy
 Without physician, gold, or sorcery :
 Away forthwith, and to the fields repair, 2000
 Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,
 Thy senses and thyself confine
 Within the very narrowest round,

Support thyself upon the simplest fare,
Live like a very brute the brutes among, 2005
Neither esteem it robbery
The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung.
This the best method, credit me,
Again at eighty to grow hale and young.

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade 2010
So far, as in my hand to take the spade.
For this mean life my spirit soars too high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then must we to the witch apply !

FAUST.

Will none but this old beldame do ?
Canst not thyself the potion brew ? 2015

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty play our leisure to beguile !
A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.
Not science only and consummate art,
Patience must also bear her part.
A quiet spirit worketh whole years long ; 2020
Time only makes the subtle ferment strong.
And all things that belong thereto
Are wondrous and exceeding rare !
The devil taught her, it is true ;
But yet the draught the devil can't prepare. 2025

(*Perceiving the beasts.*)

Look yonder, what a dainty pair !
Here is the maid ! the knave is there !

(*To the beasts.*)

It seems your dame is not at home ?

THE MONKEYS.

Gone to carouse,
 Out of the house, 2030
 Thro' the chimney and away !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to roam ?

THE MONKEYS.

While we can warm our paws she'll stay.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

What think you of the charming creatures ?

FAUST.

I loathe alike their form and features ! 2035

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,
 Is just the thing that pleases me the best.

(*To the* MONKEYS.)

Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew !
 What stir ye in the broth about ?

MONKEYS.

Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew. 2040

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of customers you'll have a rout.

THE HE-MONKEY

(*approaching and fawning on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Quick ! quick ! throw the dice,
 Make me rich in a trice,

Oh give me the prize !

Alas, for myself !

2045

Had I plenty of pelf,

I then should be wise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How blest the ape would think himself, if he

Could only put into the lottery !

(In the meantime the young MONKEYS have been playing with a large globe, which they roll forwards.)

THE HE-MONKEY.

The world behold ;

2050

Unceasingly roll'd,

It riseth and falleth ever ;

It ringeth like glass !

How brittle, alas !

'Tis hollow, and resteth never.

2055

How bright the sphere,

Still brighter here !

Now living am I !

Dear son, beware ;

Nor venture there !

2060

Thou too must die !

It is of clay ;

'Twill crumble away ;

There fragments lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of what use is the sieve ?

2065

THE HE-MONKEY (*taking it down*).

The sieve would show,

If thou wert a thief or no ?

(*He runs to the SHE-MONKEY, and makes her look through it.*)

Look through the sieve !

Dost know him the thief,

And dar'st thou not call him so ?

2070

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And then this pot ?

THE MONKEYS.

The half-witted sot !

He knows not the pot !

He knows not the kettle !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly beast !

2075

Be civil at least !

THE HE-MONKEY.

Take the whisk and sit down in the settle !

(*He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.*)

FAUST.

(*Who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it.*)

What do I see ? what form, whose charms transcend

The loveliness of earth, is mirror'd here !

O Love, to waft me to her sphere,

2080

To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend !

Alas ! If I remain not rooted to this place,

If to approach more near I'm fondly lur'd,

Her image fades, in veiling mist obscur'd !—

Model of beauty both in form and face !

2085

Is't possible ? Hath woman charms so rare ?

Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,
The very essence of all heavenly grace?
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The six days' labor of a god, my friend, 2090
Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,
By something clever doubtless should be crown'd,
For this time gaze your fill, and when you please
Just such a prize for you I can provide;
How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees, 2095
To take her to his home, a lovely bride!

(FAUST continues to gaze into the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES,
stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, con-
tinues to speak.)

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
My sceptre this;—the crown I want alone.

THE MONKEYS

(who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures, bring
MEPHISTOPHELES a crown, with loud cries).

Oh, be so good,
With sweat and with blood 2100
The crown to lime!

(They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with
which they skip about.)

'Twas fate's decree!
We speak and see!
We hear and rhyme.

FAUST (before the mirror).

Woe's me! well-nigh distraught I feel! 2105

MEPHISTOPHELES

(pointing to the beasts).

And even my own head almost begins to reel.

THE MONKEYS.

If good luck attend,
 If fitly things blend,
 Our jargon with thought
 And with reason is fraught ! 2110

FAUST (*as above*).

A flame is kindled in my breast !
 Let us begone ! nor linger here !

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*in the same position*).

It now at least must be confessed,
 That poets sometimes are sincere.

(*The caldron which the SHE-MONKEY has neglected
 begins to boil over ; a great flame arises, which
 streams up the chimney. The WITCH comes down
 the chimney with horrible cries.*)

THE WITCH.

Ough ! ough ! ough ! ough ! 2115
 Accursed brute ! accursed sow !
 Thou dost neglect the pot, for shame !
 Accursed brute to scorch the dame !

(*Perceiving FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

Whom have we here ?
 Who's sneaking here ? 2120
 Whence are ye come ?
 With what desire ?
 The plague of fire
 Your bones consume !

(*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws
 flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the
 MONKEYS. The MONKEYS whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots).

Dash ! Smash ! 2125

There lies the glass !

There lies the slime !

'Tis but a jest ;

I but keep time,

Thou hellish pest, 2130

To thine own chime !

(While the WITCH steps back in rage and astonishment.)

Dost know me ! Skeleton ! Vile scarecrow, thou !

Thy lord and master dost thou know ?

What holds me, that I deal not now

Thee and thine apes a stunning blow ? 2135

No more respect to my red vest dost pay ?

Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim ?

Have I my visage masked to-day ?

Must I be forced myself to name ?

THE WITCH.

Master, forgive this rude salute ! 2140

But I perceive no cloven foot.

And your two ravens, where are they ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once I must admit your plea ;—

For truly I must own that we

Each other have not seen for many a day. 2145

The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last

Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced ;

The northern phantom from the scene hath pass'd,

Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced !

As for the foot, with which I can't dispense, 2150
'Twould injure me in company, and hence,
Like many a youthful cavalier,
False calves I now have worn for many a year.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I am beside myself with joy,
To see once more the gallant Satan here ! 2155

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, no more that name employ !

THE WITCH.

But why ? what mischief hath it done ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To fable it too long hath appertained ;
But people from the change have nothing won.
Rid of the evil one, the evil has remained. 2160
Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good ;
Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.
Dost make no question of my gentle blood ;
See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear !
(*He makes an unseemly gesture.*)

THE WITCH

(*laughing immoderately*).

Ha ! Ha ! Just like yourself ! You are, I ween, 2165
The same mad wag that you have ever been !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

My friend, learn this to understand, I pray !
To deal with witches this is still the way.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of your known juice a goblet we require. 2170
But for the very oldest let me ask ;
Double its strength with years doth grow.

THE WITCH.

Most willingly ! And here I have a flask,
From which I've sipp'd myself ere now ;
What's more, it doth no longer stink ; 2175
To you a glass I joyfully will give.

(*Aside.*)

If unprepar'd, however, this man drink,
He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper well ;
I grudge him not the choicest of thy store. 2180
Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,
And straight a bumper for him pour !

(*The WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book ; places the MONKEYS in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons FAUST to approach.*)

FAUST (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

Tell me, to what doth all this tend ?
Where will these frantic gestures end ?
This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff 2185
I've known and hated long enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummary, a laugh to raise !
 Pray don't be so fastidious ! She
 But as a leech, her hocus-pocus plays,
 That well with you her potion may agree. 2190

(*He compels FAUST to enter the circle.*)

(*The WITCH, with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book.*)

This must thou ken :
 Of one make ten,
 Pass two, and then
 Make square the three,
 So rich thou'lt be. 2195
 Drop out the four !
 From five and six,
 Thus says the witch,
 Make seven and eight.
 So all is straight ! 2200
 And nine is one,
 And ten is none,
 This is the witch's one-time-one !

FAUST.

The hag doth as in fever rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To these will follow many a stave. 2205
 I know it well, so rings the book throughout ;
 Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,
 For downright paradox, no doubt,
 A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.
 Ancient the art and modern too, my friend. 2210
 'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,

Error instead of truth abroad to send
 By means of three and one, and one and three.
 'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.
 Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools? 2215
 When words men hear, in sooth, they usually believe
 That there must needs therein be something to conceive.

THE WITCH (*continues*).

The lofty power
 Of wisdom's dower,
 From all the world conceal'd ! 2220
 Who thinketh not,
 To him I wot,
 Unsought it is reveal'd.

FAUST.

What nonsense doth the hag propound?
 My brain it doth well-nigh confound. 2225
 A hundred thousand fools or more,
 Methinks I hear in chorus roar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Incomparable Sibyl cease, I pray !
 Hand us thy liquor without more delay.
 And to the very brim the goblet crown ! 2230
 My friend he is, and need not be afraid ;
 Besides, he is a man of many a grade,
 Who hath drunk deep already.

(*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into
 a cup ; as FAUST lifts it to his mouth, a light flame
 arises.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gulp it down !
 No hesitation ! It will prove

A cordial, and your heart inspire ! 2235

What ! with the devil hand and glove,

And yet shrink back afraid of fire ?

(*The WITCH dissolves the circle. FAUST steps out.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once ! thou dar'st not rest.

WITCH.

And much, sir, may the liquor profit you !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the WITCH*).

And if to pleasure thee I aught can do, 2240

Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

WITCH.

Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you'll see,

That 'twill a singular effect produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me ;

Thou must perspire, in order that the juice 2245

Thy frame may penetrate through every part.

Thy noble idleness I'll teach thee then to prize,

And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognize

How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.

FAUST.

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass ! 2250

Too lovely was that female form !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay ! nay !

A model which all women shall surpass,

In flesh and blood ere long thou shalt survey.

(*Aside.*)

As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

2255

A Street.

FAUST (*MARGARET passing by*).

FAUST.

Fair lady, may I thus make free
To offer you my arm and company?

MARGARET.

I am no lady, am not fair,
Can without escort home repair.

(*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven ! This girl is fair indeed !

2260

No form like hers can I recall.

Virtue she hath, and modest heed,

Is piquant too, and sharp withal.

Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,

No length of time will e'er eclipse !

2265

Her downward glance in passing by,

Deep in my heart is stamp'd for aye ;

How curt and sharp her answer too,

My ravish'd heart to rapture grew !

(*MEPHISTOPHELES enters.*)

FAUST.

This girl must win for me ! Dost hear ?

2270

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She who but now passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! She?

She from confession cometh here,
From every sin absolved and free;
I crept near the confessor's chair.
All innocence her virgin-soul,
For next to nothing went she there;
O'er such as she I've no control!

2275

FAUST.

She's past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You really talk

Like any gay Lothario,
Who every floweret from its stalk
Would pluck, and deems nor grace, nor truth,
Secure against his arts, forsooth
This ne'er the less won't always do.

2280

FAUST.

Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause;
Nor plague me with your tiresome laws!
To cut the matter short, my friend,
She must this very night be mine,—
And if to help me you decline,
Midnight shall see our compact end.

2285

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What may occur just bear in mind!

2290

A fortnight's space, at least, I need,
A fit occasion but to find.

FAUST.

With but seven hours I could succeed ;
Nor should I want the devil's wile,
So young a creature to beguile.

2295

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Like any Frenchman now you speak,
But do not fret, I pray ; why seek
To hurry to enjoyment straight ?
The pleasure is not half so great,
As when at first, around, above,
With all the fooleries of love,
The puppet you can knead and mould
As in Italian story oft is told.

2300

FAUST.

No such incentives do I need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, without offence or jest !
You cannot quickly, I protest,
In winning this sweet child succeed.
By storm we cannot take the fort,
To stratagem we must resort.

2305

FAUST.

Conduct me to her place of rest !
Some token of the angel bring !
A kerchief from her snowy breast,
A garter bring me,—anything !

2310

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I my anxious zeal may prove,

Your pangs to sooth and aid your love, 2315
 A single moment will we not delay,
 Will lead you to her room this very day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—Have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No

She to a neighbor's house will go ;
 But in her atmosphere alone, 2320
 The tedious hours meanwhile you may employ
 In blissful dreams of future joy.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis yet too soon.

FAUST.

Some present for my love procure ! (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon ! 'tis well ! success is sure ! 2325
 I know full many a secret store
 Of treasure, buried long before,
 I must a little look them o'er. (Exit.)

Evening. A small and neat Room.

MARGARET

(braiding and binding up her hair).

I would give something now to know
 Who yonder gentleman could be ! 2330
 He had a gallant air, I trow,

And doubtless was of high degree :
That written on his brow was seen—
Nor else would he so bold have been.

(*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in ! tread softly ! be discreet !

2335

FAUST (*after a pause*).

Begone and leave me, I entreat !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking around*).

Not every maiden is so neat.

(*Exit.*)

FAUST (*gazing round*).

Welcome sweet twilight gloom which reigns,
Through this dim place of hallow'd rest !
Fond yearning love inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains !
What stillness here environs me !
Content and order brood around.

2340

What fulness in this poverty !

In this small cell what bliss profound !

2345

(*He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*)

Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace
Welcom'd, in joy and grief, the ages flown !
How oft the children of a by-gone race
Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne !
Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,
For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,
Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,
Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.
Maiden ! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.
As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee

2350

2355

The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,
 To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
 Dear hand ! so godlike in its ministry !
 The hut becomes a paradise through thee ! 2360
 And here— (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)

How thrills my pulse with strange delight !
 Here could I linger hours untold ;
 Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,
 The embryo angel here unfold. 2365
 Here lay the child, her bosom warm
 With life ; while steeped in slumber's dew,
 To perfect grace, her godlike form,
 With pure and nallow'd weavings grew !

And thou ! ah here what seekest thou ? 2370
 How quails mine inmost being now !
 What wouldst thou here ? what makes thy heart so sore ?
 Unhappy Faust ! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale ?
 Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay ! 2375
 Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
 Are we the sport of every passing gale ?

Should she return and enter now,
 How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame !
 Proud vaunter—thou wouldst hide thy brow,— 2380
 And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick ! quick ! below I see her there.

FAUST.

Away ! I will return no more !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, with a store
 Of jewels, which I got elsewhere. 2385
 Just lay it in the press ; make haste !
 I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain ;
 Therein some trifles I have placed,
 Wherewith another to obtain.
 But child is child, and play is play. 2390

FAUST.

I know not—shall I ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask ?

Perchance you would retain the treasure ?
 If such your wish, why then, I say,
 Henceforth absolve me from my task,
 Nor longer waste your hours of leisure. 2395
 I trust you're not by avarice led !
 I rub my hands, I scratch my head,—

(He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.)

Now quick ! Away !
 That soon the sweet young creature may
 The wish and purpose of your heart obey ; 2400
 Yet stand you there
 As would you to the lecture-room repair,
 As if before you stood,
 Arrayed in flesh and blood,
 Physics and metaphysics weird and grey !— 2405
 Away !

MARGARET *(with a lamp)*.

It is so close, so sultry now.

(She opens the window.)

Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how—
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering—
I'm but a foolish timid thing !

2410

(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave ;
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

2415

At every feast he drained it,
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gush'd from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told ;
And grudged his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

2420

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

2425

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,
Then hurled the hallow'd goblet
Into the flood below.

2430

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea ;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

2435

(She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.)

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
 I locked, of that I'm confident,
 'Tis very wonderful! What's in it I can't guess.
 Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
 And left in pledge for loan my mother lent. 2440
 Here by a ribbon hangs a little key!
 I have a mind to open it and see!
 Heavens! only look! what have we here!
 In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight!
 Jewels! which any noble dame might wear, 2445
 For some high pageant richly dight!
 How would the necklace look on me!
 These splended gems, whose may they be?

(She puts them on and steps before the glass.)

Were but the ear-rings only mine!
 Thus one has quite another air. 2450
 What boots it to be young and fair?
 It doubtless may be very fine;
 But then, alas, none cares for you,
 And praise sounds half like pity too.
 Gold all doth lure, 2455
 Gold doth secure
 All things. Alas, we poor!

Promenade.

(FAUST walking thoughtfully up and down. To him MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By love despis'd! By hell's fierce fires I curse,
 Would I knew aught to make my imprecation worse!

FAUST.

What aileth thee? what chafes thee now so sore? 2460
A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd yield me to the devil instantly,
Did it not happen that myself am he!

FAUST.

There must be some disorder in thy wit!
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit? 2465

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The gems for Gretchen brought,
Them hath a priest now made his own!—
A glimpse of them the mother caught,
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.
The woman's scent is keen enough; 2470
Doth ever in the prayer-book snuff;
Smells every article to ascertain
Whether the thing is holy or profane,
And scented in the jewels rare
That there was not much blessing there. 2475
“My child,” she cries, “ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood;
With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,
She'll cheer our souls with bread divine!”
At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout; 2480
'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,
And sure, he godless cannot be
Who brought them here so cleverly.
Straight for a priest the mother sent,
Who, when he understood the jest, 2485
With what he saw was well content.

“This shows a pious mind !” Quoth he :

“Self-conquest is true victory.

The Church hath a good stomach, she, with zest

Hath lands and kingdoms swallow'd down, 2490

And never yet a surfeit known.

The Church alone, be it confessed,

Daughters, can ill-got wealth digest.”

FAUST.

It is a general custom, too,

Practised alike by king and Jew. 2495

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept

As they were mushrooms ; and the casket,

Without one word of thanks, he kept,

As if of nuts it were a basket.

Promised reward in heaven, then forth he hied— 2500

And greatly they were edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In unquiet mood

Knows neither what she would or should ;

The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,

On him who brought them dwells still more. 2505

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow grieves me, bring

Another set without delay !

The first, methinks, was no great thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All's to my gentleman child's play !

FAUST.

Plan all things to achieve my end ! 2510
 Engage the attention of her friend !
 No milk-and-water devil be,
 And bring fresh jewels instantly !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, sir ! Most gladly I'll obey.

(FAUST *exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,
 Merely his lady-love to please, 2515
 Sun, moon, and stars in sport would puff away. (*Exit.*)

*The Neighbor's House.*MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my dear husband, he
 Doth not in truth act well by me !
 Forth in the world abroad to roam, 2520
 And leave me on the straw at home.
 And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
 God knows, I lov'd him from my heart.

(*She weeps.*)

Perchance he's dead !—oh wretched state !—
 Had I but a certificate ! 2525

(MARGARET *comes.*)

MARGARET.

Dame Martha !

MARTHA.

Gretchen ?

MARGARET.

Only think !

My knees beneath me well-nigh sink !
 Within my press I've found to-day
 Another case, of ebony.
 And things—magnificent they are,
 More costly than the first, by far.

2530

MARTHA.

You must not name it to your mother !
 It would to'shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET.

Nay look at them ! now only see !

MARTHA (*dresses her up*).

Thou happy creature !

MARGARET.

Woe is me !

2535

Them in the street I cannot wear,
 Or in the church, or anywhere.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,
 The gems put on quite privately ;
 And then before the mirror walk an hour or so,
 Thus we shall have our pleasure too.

2540

Then suitable occasions we must seize,
 As at a feast, to show them by degrees :
 A chain at first, then ear-drops,—and your mother
 Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other.

2545

MARGARET.

But who, I wonder, could the caskets bring ?
 I fear there's something wrong about the thing !

(*A knock.*)

Good Heavens ! can that my mother be ?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*).

'Tis a strange gentleman, I see.

Come in !

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've ventur'd to intrude to day. 2550

Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.

(*He steps back respectfully before MARGARET.*)

After Dame Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire !

MARTHA.

'Tis I. Pray what have you to say to me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you know,—and therefore will retire ;

At present you've distinguished company. 2555

Pardon the freedom, Madam, with your leave,

I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Why, child, of all strange notions, he

For some grand lady taketh thee !

MARGARET.

I am, in truth, of humble blood— 2560

The gentleman is far too good—

Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh 'tis not the mere ornaments alone ;

Her glance and mien far more betray.

Rejoiced I am that I may stay. 2565

MARTHA.

Your business, Sir ? I long to know—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could happier tidings show !
I trust mine errrand you'll not let me rue ;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? True heart! Oh misery ! 2570
My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Alas! good Martha! don't despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now listen to the sad affair!

MARGARET.

I for this cause should fear to love.
The loss my certain death would prove. 2575

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.

MARTHA.

Proceed, and tell the story of his end!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At Padua, in St. Anthony's,
In holy ground his body lies ;
Quiet and cool his place of rest, 2580
With pious ceremonials blest.

MARTHA.

And had you naught besides to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! one grave and solemn prayer;

Let them for him three hundred masses sing !
But in my pockets, I have nothing there.

2585

MARTHA.

No trinket ! no love-token did he send !
What every journeyman safe in his pouch will hoard
There for remembrance fondly stored,
And rather hungers, rather begs than spend !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, in truth, it grieves me sore,
But he his gold not lavishly hath spent.
His failings too he deeply did repent,
Ay ! and his evil plight bewail'd still more.

2590

MARGARET.

Alas ! That men should thus be doomed to woe !
I for his soul will many a requiem pray.

2595

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A husband you deserve this very day ;
A child so worthy to be loved.

MARGARET.

Ah no,
That time hath not yet come for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a spouse, a gallant let it be.
Among heaven's choicest gifts, I place,
So sweet a darling to embrace.

2600

MARGARET.

Our land doth no such usage know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not, it happens so.

MARTHA.

Go on, I pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside.

Something less foul it was than dung ; 2605

'Twas straw half rotten ; yet, he as a Christian died,
And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.

“Wretch that I was,” quoth he, with parting breath, .

“So to forsake my business and my wife !

Ah ! the remembrance is my death. 2610

Could I but have her pardon in this life !”—

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Dear soul ! I've long forgiven him, indeed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

“Though she, God knows, was more to blame than I.”

MARTHA.

What, on the brink of death assert a lie !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am skill'd the countenance to read, 2615

He doubtless fabled as he parted hence.—

“No time had I to gape, or take my ease,” he said,

“First to get children, and then get them bread ;

And bread, too, in the very widest sense ;

Nor could I eat in peace even my proper share.” 2620

MARTHA.

What, all my truth, my love forgotten quite ?

My weary drudgery by day and night !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so ! He thought of you with tender care.
Quoth he : “ Heaven knows now fervently I prayed
For wife and children when from Malta bound ;— 2625
The prayer hath heaven with favor crowned ;
We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed
Rich store of treasure for the Sultan’s court ;
Its own reward our gallant action brought ;
The captur’d prize was shared among the crew ; 2630
And of the treasure I received my due.”

MARTHA.

How ? Where ? The treasure hath he buried, pray ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where the four winds have blown it, who can say ?
In Naples as he stroll’d, a stranger there,—
A comely maid took pity on my friend ; 2635
And gave such tokens of her love and care
That he retained them to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel ! to rob his children of their bread !
And all this misery, this bitter need,
Could not his course of recklessness impede ! 2640

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.
Now were I in your place, my counsel hear ;
My weeds I’d wear for one chaste year,
And for another lover meanwhile would look out.

MARTHA.

Alas, I might search far and near, 2645
Not quickly should I find another like my first !

There could not be a fonder fool than mine,
Only he loved too well abroad to roam;
Loved foreign women too, and foreign wine,
And loved, besides, the dice accurs'd.

2650

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All had gone swimmingly, no doubt,
Had he but given you at home,
On his side, just as wide a range.
Upon such terms, to you I swear,
Myself with you would gladly rings exchange!

2655

MARTHA.

The gentleman is surely pleas'd to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Now to be off in time, were best!
She'd make the very devil marry her.

(*To MARGARET.*)

How fares it with your heart?

MARGARET.

How mean you, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The sweet young innocent!

(*Aloud.*)

Ladies, farewell!

2660

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

But ere you leave us, quickly tell!
I from a witness fain had heard,

Where, how, and when my husband died and was interr'd.
 To forms I've always been attached indeed,
 His death I fain would in the journals read. 2665

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, madam, what two witnesses declare
 Is held as valid everywhere;
 A gallant friend I have, not far from here,
 Who will for you before the judge appear.
 I'll bring him straight.

MARTHA.

I pray you do ! 2670

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady, we shall find her, too ?
 A noble youth, far travelled, he,
 Shows to the sex all courtesy.

MARGARET.

I in his presence needs must blush for shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not in the presence of a crowned king ! 2675

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house, we'll name,
 There we'll await you both this evening.

A Street.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it now ? How speeds it ? Is't in train ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo ! I find you all aflame !
 Gretchen full soon your own you'll name. 2680
 This eve, at neighbor Martha's, her you'll meet again ;
 The woman seems expressly made
 To drive the pimp and gipsy's trade.

FAUST.

Good !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But from us she something would request.

FAUST.

A favor claims return as this world goes. 2685

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have on oath but duly to attest
 That her dead husband's limbs, outstretch'd, repose
 In holy ground at Padua.

FAUST.

Sage indeed !

So I suppose we straight must journey there !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas ! For that no need ! 2690
 Without much knowledge we have but to swear.

FAUST.

If you have nothing better to suggest,
 Against your plan I must at once protest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man ! methinks I have you there !
 In all your life say, have you ne'er 2695

False witness borne, until this hour?
 Have you of God, the world, and all it doth contain,
 Of man, and that which worketh in his heart and brain,
 Not definitions given, in words of weight and power,
 With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast? 2700
 Yet, if into the depth of things you go,
 Touching these matters, it must be confess'd,
 As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you know!

FAUST.

Thou art and dost remain liar and sophist too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, if one did not take a somewhat deeper view! 2705
 To-morrow, in all honor, thou
 Poor Gretchen wilt befool, and vow
 Thy soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All good and fair!
 Then deathless constancy thou'lt swear; 2710
 Speak of one all o'ermastering passion,—
 Will that too issue from the heart?

FAUST.

Forbear!

When passion sways me, and I seek to frame
 Fit utterance for feeling, deep, intense,
 And for my frenzy finding no fit name, 2715
 Sweep round the ample world with every sense,
 Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,
 And call the glow, wherewith I burn,

Quenchless, eternal, yea, eterne—
Is that of sophistry a devilish play?

2720

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right!

FAUST.

Mark this, my friend,
And spare my lungs: whoe'er to have the right is fain,
If he have but a tongue, wherewith his point to gain,
Will gain it in the end.

But come, of gossip I am weary quite;
Because I've no resource, thou'rt in the right.

2725

Garden.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES
walking up and down.

MARGARET.

I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low.
A traveller from complaisance,
Still makes the best of things; I know
Too well, my humble prattle never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

2730

FAUST.

One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.

(He kisses her hand.)

MARGARET.

Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse,
So rude as mine, now can you kiss!
What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
My mother too exacting is.

2735

(They pass on.)

MARTHA.

Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain
Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
Where yet we dare not once remain! 2740

MARTHA.

In youth's wild years, with vigor crown'd,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
But ah, the evil days come round! 2745
And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The prospect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA.

Therefore in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.
(*They pass on.*)

MARGARET.

Ay, out of sight is out of mind! 2750
Politeness easy is to you;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

FAUST.

Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness!

MARGARET.

How? 2755

FAUST.

Simplicity and holy innocence,—
When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know !
Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think of me ! 2760
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone ?

MARGARET.

Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit, and sweep, 2765
Still early on my feet and late ;
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate !
Not that for thrift there is much pressing need ;
Than others we might make more show indeed ; 2770
My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden near the city-wall.
Quiet enough my life has been of late ;
My brother for a soldier's gone ;
My little sister's dead ; the babe to rear 2775
Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy ;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The darling was to me so dear.

FAUST.

An angel sweet, if it resembled thee !

MARGARET.

I reared it up, and it grew fond of me. 2780
 After my father's death it saw the day ;
 We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
 In such a wretched plight, and then at length
 So very slowly she regain'd her strength.
 Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try 2785
 Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
 Reared it on milk and water all alone ;
 And thus the child became as 'twere my own ;
 Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
 And smiling, nestled in my bosom too. 2790

FAUST.

Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.

MARGARET.

But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
 At night its little cradle stood
 Close to my bed ; so was I wide awake
 If it but stirred ; 2795
 One while I was obliged to give it food,
 Or to my arms the darling take ;
 From bed full oft must rise, whene'er its cry I heard,
 And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro ;
 Stand at the wash-tub early ; forthwith go 2800
 To market, and then mind the cooking too—
 To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
 Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd
 One's spirits are not always of the best ;
 Yet it a relish gives to food and rest.

(They pass on.)

MARTHA.

Poor women ! we are badly off, I own ; 2806
 A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA.

Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met? 2810
Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One's own fireside and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old.

MARTHA.

I mean, has passion never stirred your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been well received, I own. 2815

MARTHA.

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know—that you are very kind.

(They pass on.)

FAUST.

Me, little angel, didst thou recognize, 2820
When in the garden first I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
 The liberty I took that day,
 When thou from church didst lately wend thy way? 2825

MARGARET.

I was confused. So had it never been ;
 No one of me could any evil say.
 Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien
 Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?
 It seemed as if it struck him suddenly, 2830
 Here's just a girl with whom one may make free !
 Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
 What in your favor here began at once to plead ;
 Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
 That I more angry could not feel with you. 2835

FAUST.

Sweet love !

MARGARET.

Just wait awhile !

*(She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one
 after another.)*

FAUST.

A nosegay may that be ?

MARGARET.

No ! It is but a game.

FAUST.

How ?

MARGARET.

Go, you'll laugh at me !

(She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou ?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me,—loves me not.

FAUST.

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss !

MARGARET (*continues*).

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—

(*plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)

He loves me !

FAUST.

Yes !

And this flower-language, darling, let it be 2841

A heavenly oracle ! He loveth thee !

Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee ?

(*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET.

I tremble so !

FAUST.

Nay ! do not tremble, love !

Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal 2845

Feelings, all power of speech above ;

To give oneself up wholly and to feel

A joy that must eternal prove !

Eternal !—Yes, its end would be despair.

No end !—It cannot end ! 2850

(MARGARET presses his hand, extricates herself,
and runs away. He stands a moment in thought,
and then follows her.)

MARTHA (*approaching*).

Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll presently away.

MARTHA.

I would entreat you longer yet to stay ;
 But 'tis a wicked place, just hereabout ;
 It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
 Nothing to think of too, 2855
 But gaping watch their neighbors, who goes in and out ;
 And scandal's busy still, do whatsoe'er one may.
 And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have flown up there.
 The wanton butterflies !

MARTHA.

He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way ! 2860

A Summer-House.

(MARGARET runs in, hides behind the door, holds
 the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through
 the crevice.)

MARGARET.

He comes !

FAUST.

Ah, little rogue, so thou
 Think'st to provoke me ! I have caught thee now !
 (He kisses her.)

MARGARET

(embracing him, and returning the kiss).
 Dearest of men ! I love thee from my heart !

(MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.)

FAUST (*stamping*).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

MARTHA (*comes*).

Ay, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I attend you, then? 2865

MARGARET.

Oh no—my mother would—adieu, adieu!

FAUST.

And must I really then take leave of you?

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Good-bye!

MARGARET.

Ere long to meet again!

(*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MARGARET.

Good heavens! how all things far and near

Must fill his mind,—a man like this!

2870

Abash'd before him I appear,

And say to all things only, yes.

Poor simple child, I cannot see

What 'tis that he can find in me.

(*Exit.*)

*Forest and Cavern.*FAUST (*alone*).

Spirit sublime ! Thou gav'st me, gav'st me all 2875
 For which I prayed ! Not vainly hast thou turn'd
 To me thy countenance in flaming fire :
 Gavest me glorious nature for my realm,
 And also power to feel her and enjoy ;
 Not merely with a cold and wondering glance, 2880
 Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,
 As in the bosom of a friend to gaze.
 Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,
 And dost in silent grove, in air and stream
 Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars 2885
 The howling storm-blast through the groaning wood,
 Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
 Crashing sweeps down its neighbor trunks and boughs,
 While with the hollow noise the hill resounds :
 Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave, 2890
 Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
 Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
 And when, with soothing beam, the moon's pale orb
 Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,
 From crag and dewy grove, the silvery forms 2895
 Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage
 The joy austere of contemplative thought.

 Oh, that naught perfect is assign'd to man,
 I feel, alas ! With this exalted joy,
 Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods, 2900
 Thou gav'st me this companion, unto whom
 I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,
 He still degrades me to myself, and turns
 Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.

He in my bosom with malicious zeal
For that fair image fans a raging fire ;
From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

2905

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of this lone life have you not had your fill ?
How for so long can it have charms for you ?
'Tis well enough to try it if you will ;
But then away again to something new !

2910

FAUST.

Would you could better occupy your leisure,
Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well ! Well ! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure,
A serious tone you hardly dare employ.
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and cross,
I should not find a grievous loss.
The livelong day, for you I toil and fret ;
Ne'er from his worship's face a hint I get,
What pleases him, or what to let alone.

2916

2920

FAUST.

Ay truly ! that is just the proper tone !
He wearies me, and would with thanks be paid !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, without my aid,
How would thy weary days have flown ?
Thee of thy foolish whims I've cured,
Thy vain imaginations banished,

2925

And but for me, be well assured,
 Thou from this sphere must soon have vanished.
 In rocky hollows and in caverns drear, 2930
 Why like an owl sit moping here?
 Wherefore from dripping stones and moss with ooze embued,
 Dost suck, like any toad, thy food?
 A rare, sweet pastime. Verily!
 The doctor cleaveth still to thee. 2935

FAUST.

Dost comprehend what bliss without alloy
 From this wild wand'ring in the desert springs?—
 Couldst thou but guess the new life-power it brings,
 Thou wouldst be fiend enough to envy me my joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What super-earthly ecstasy! at night, 2940
 To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
 Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
 The soul dilating to a deity;
 With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
 Feel in your laboring breast the six-days' birth, 2945
 Enjoy in proud delight what no one knows,
 While your love-rapture o'er creation flows,—
 The earthly lost in beatific vision,
 And then the lofty intuition—

(with a gesture.)

I need not tell you how—to close! 2950

FAUST.

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This displeases you? “For shame!”
 You are forsooth entitled to exclaim;

We to chaste ears it seems must not pronounce
 What, nathless, the chaste heart cannot renounce.
 Well, to be brief, the joy as fit occasions rise, 2955
 I grudge you not, of specious lies.
 But soon the self-deluding vein
 Is past, once more thou'rt whirled away,
 And should it last, thou'lt be the prey
 Of frenzy or remorse and pain. 2960
 Enough of this ! Thy true love dwells apart,
 And all to her seems flat and tame ;
 Alone thine image fills her heart,
 She loves thee with an all-devouring flame.
 First came thy passion with o'erpowering rush. 2965
 Like mountain torrent, swollen by the melted snow ;
 Full in her heart didst pour the sudden gush,
 Now has thy brooklet ceased to flow.
 Instead of sitting throned midst forests wild,
 It would become so great a lord 2970
 To comfort the enamor'd child,
 And the young monkey for her love reward.
 To her the hours seem miserably long ;
 She from the window sees the clouds float by
 As o'er the lofty city walls they fly. 2975
 "If I a birdie were !" so runs her song,
 Half through the night and all day long.
 Cheerful sometimes, more oft at heart full sore ;
 Fairly outwept seem now her tears,
 Anon she tranquil is, or so appears, 2980
 And love-sick evermore.

FAUST.

Snake ! Serpent vile !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Good ! If I catch thee with my guile !

FAUST.

Vile reprobate ! go get thee hence ;
 Forbear the lovely girl to name ! 2985
 Nor in my half-distracted sense,
 Kindle anew the smouldering flame !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldest thou ! She thinks you've taken flight ;
 It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near her still—and should I distant rove, 2990
 Her I can ne'er forget, ne'er lose her love ;
 And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers,
 Even the very Host, my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well ! I oft have envied you indeed,
 The twin-pair that among the roses feed. 2995

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to ! I laugh, the while you rail.
 The power which fashion'd youth and maid,
 Well understood the noble trade ;
 So neither shall occasion fail.
 But hence !—In truth a case for gloom ! 3000
 Bethink thee, to thy mistress' room
 And not to death shouldst go !

FAUST.

What is to me heaven's joy within her arms ?
 What though my life her bosom warms !—
 Do I not ever feel her woe ? 3005

The outcast am I not, who knows no rest,
 Inhuman monster, aimless and unblest,
 Who like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,
 Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate shock?
 While she within her lowly cot, which graced 3010
 The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,
 Her homely cares in that small world embraced,
 Secluded lived, a simple artless child.
 Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl
 To blast the steadfast rocks ; 3015
 Her, and her peace as well,
 Must I, God-hated one, to ruin hurl !
 Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell !
 Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread !
 Let what must happen, happen speedily ! 3020
 Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,
 And into ruin let her plunge with me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why how again it seethes and glows !
 Away, thou fool ! Her torment ease !
 When such a head no issue sees, 3025
 It pictures straight the final close.
 Long life to him who boldly dares !
 A devil's pluck thou'rt wont to show ;
 As for a devil who despairs,
 There's naught so mawkish here below. 3030

MARGARET'S *Room*.

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning-wheel*).

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore,
 I find it never,
 And nevermore.

Where him I have not, 3035
Is the grave to me ;
And bitter as gall
The whole world to me.

My wilder'd brain
Is overwrought ; 3040
My feeble senses
Are distraught.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never, 3045
And nevermore !

For him from the window
I gaze, at home ;
For him and him only
Abroad I roam. 3050

His lofty step,
His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
The power of his eye,

His witching words, 3055
Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
And ah—his kiss !

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore, 3060
I find it never,
And nevermore.

My bosom aches
 To feel him near ;
 Ah, could I clasp
 And fold him here ! 3065

Kiss him and kiss him
 Again would I,
 And on his kisses
 I fain would die ! 3070

MARTHA'S *Garden.*

MARGARET and FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise, me, Henry—

FAUST.

What I can !

MARGARET.

How is it with religion in thy mind?
 Thou art a dear kind-hearted man,
 But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

FAUST.

Forbear ! Thou feelest I love thee alone ; 3075
 For those I love, my life I would lay down,
 And none would of their faith or church bereave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough, we must ourselves believe !

FAUST.

Must we ?

MARGARET.

Ah, could I but thy soul inspire !
 Thou honorest not the sacraments, alas ! 3080

FAUST.

I honor them.

MARGARET.

But yet without desire ;

'Tis long since thou hast been either to shrift or mass.
Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST.

My darling, who dares say

Yes, I in God believe ?

Question or priest or sage, and they 3085
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe ?

FAUST.

Sweet one ! my meaning do not misconceive !

Him who dare name
And who proclaim, 3090
Him I believe ?

Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say : I believe him not ?
The All-embracer, 3095

All-sustainer,
Holds and sustains he not
Thee, me, himself ?
Lifts not the Heaven its dome above ?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie ? 3100
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high ?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes ?

Nature's impenetrable agencies,
 Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain, 3105
 Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
 Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
 Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be;
 And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
 Then call it, what thou wilt,— 3110
 Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
 I have no name for it!
 'Tis feeling all;
 Name is but sound and smoke
 Shrouding the glow of heaven. 3115

MARGARET.

All this is doubtless good and fair;
 Almost the same the parson says,
 Only in slightly different phrase.

FAUST.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,
 This is the utterance of the human heart; 3120
 Each in his language doth the like impart;
 Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET.

What thus I hear

Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconciled;
 There's something wrong about it; much I fear
 That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST.

My sweet child! 3125

MARGARET.

Alas! it long hath sorely troubled me,
 To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man who comes with thee, I hate,
 Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor ;
 As his loath'd visage, in my life before, 3130
 Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

FAUST.

Fear not, sweet love !

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood.
 Towards all beside I have a kindly mood ;
 Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
 At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal ; 3135
 That he's a villain my conviction's strong.
 May Heaven forgive me, if I do him wrong !

FAUST.

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be !

MARGARET.

I would not live with such an one as he.
 If for a moment he but enter here, 3140
 He looks around him with a mocking sneer,
 And malice ill-conceal'd ;
 That he, with naught on earth can sympathize is clear ;
 Upon his brow 'tis legibly revealed,
 That to his heart no living soul is dear. 3145
 So blest I feel, within thine arms,
 So warm and happy,—free from all alarms ;
 And still my heart doth close when he comes near.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel ! check thy fear !

MARGARET.

It so o'ermasters me, that when,
Or wheresoe'er, his step I hear,
I almost think, no more I love thee then.
Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray,
This eats into my heart ; with thee
The same, my Henry, it must be. 3150 3155

FAUST.

This is antipathy !

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

For one brief hour then may I never rest,
And heart to heart, and soul to soul be pressed ?

MARGARET.

Ah, if I slept alone, to-night
The bolt I fain would leave undrawn for three ;
But then my mother's sleep is light,
Were we surprised by her, ah me !
Upon the spot I should be dead. 3160

FAUST.

Dear angel ! there's no cause for dread.
Here is a little phial,—if she take
Mixed in her drink three drops, 'twill steep
Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep. 3165

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy dear sake !
To her it will not harmful prove ?

FAUST.

Should I advise else, sweet love?

3170

MARGARET.

I know not, dearest, when thy face I see,
 What doth my spirit to thy will constrain;
 Already I have done so much for thee,
 That scarcely more to do doth now remain.

*(Exit.)**(MEPHISTOPHELES enters.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Again hast played the spy? 3175

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of all that pass'd I'm well apprised,
 I heard the doctor catechised,
 And trust he'll profit much thereby!
 Fain would the girls inquire indeed
 Touching their lover's faith, if he
 Believe according to the ancient creed;
 They think: if pliant there, to us he'll yielding be.

3180

FAUST.

Thou monster, dost not see that this
 Pure soul, possessed by ardent love,
 Full of the living faith,
 To her of bliss
 The only pledge, must holy anguish prove,
 Holding the man she loves, fore-doomed to endless death!

3185

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sensual, supersensualist? The while
 A damsel leads thee by the nose!

3190

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion vile !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy strange skill she shows ;
 She in my presence feels she knows not how ;
 My mask it seems a hidden sense reveals ;
 That I'm a genius she must needs allow,
 That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
 So then to-night—

3195

FAUST.

What's that to you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusement in it too !

At the Well.

MARGARET and BESSY, *with pitchers.*

BESSY.

Of Barbara hast nothing heard ?

MARGARET.

I rarely go from home,—no, not a word.

3200

BESSY.

'Tis true : Sybilla told me so to-day !
 That comes of being proud, methinks ;
 She played the fool at last.

MARGARET.

How so ?

BESSY.

They say
 That two she feedeth when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Alas !

BESSY.

She's rightly served, in sooth. 3205
 How long she hung upon the youth !
 What promenades, what jaunts there were,
 To dancing booth and village fair !
 The first she everywhere must shine,
 He always treating her to pastry and to wine. 3210
 Of her good looks she was so vain,
 So shameless too, that she did not disdain
 Even his presents to retain ;
 Sweet words and kisses came anon —
 And then the virgin flower was gone ! 3215

MARGARET.

Poor thing !

BESSY.

Forsooth dost pity her ?
 At night, when at our wheels we sat,
 Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir.
 Then with her lover she must chat,
 Or on the bench, or in the dusky walk, 3220
 Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk ;
 Her proud head she will have to bow,
 And in white sheet do penance now !

MARGARET.

But he will surely marry her ?

BESSY.

Not he !

He won't be such a fool ! a gallant lad 3225
 Like him, can roam o'er land and sea.
 Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not fair !

BESSY.

If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad !
 Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear ;
 And then we girls would plague her too, 3230
 For we chopp'd straw before her door would strew.
 (*Exit.*)

MARGARET (*walking towards home*).

How stoutly once I could inveigh,
 If a poor maiden went astray !
 Not words enough my tongue could find,
 'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind ; 3235
 Black as it seemed, I blacken'd it still more,
 And strove to make it blacker than before.
 And did myself securely bless—
 Now my own trespass doth appear !
 Yet ah !—what urg'd me to transgress, 3240
 Sweet heaven, it was so good ! so dear !

ZWINGER.

Enclosure between the City-wall and the Gate.

(*In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater
 dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.*)

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
 Stoop thy maternal brow,
 And mark with pitying eye my misery !

The sword in thy pierced heart, 3245
 Thou dost with bitter smart,
 Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,
Ascends thy piteous sigh,
Pleading for his and thy sore misery. 3250

Ah, who can know
The torturing woe,
The pangs that rack me to the bone !
How my poor heart without relief,
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief 3255
Thou knowest, thou alone !

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguish'd breast is aching !
When all alone I creep, 3260
I weep, I weep, I weep,
Alas ! my heart is breaking !

The flower pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I pluck'd these blossoms, 3265
At dawn to deck thy shrine !

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,
I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn. 3270

Help ! from disgrace and death deliver me !
Ah ! rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery !

Night. Street before MARGARET'S door.

VALENTINE (*a soldier, MARGARET'S brother*).

When seated 'mong the jovial crowd 3275
 Where merry comrades boasting loud,
 Each named with pride his favorite lass,
 And in her honor drain'd his glass,
 Upon my elbows I would lean,
 With easy quiet view the scene, 3280
 Nor give my tongue the rein, until
 Each swaggering blade had talked his fill.
 Then smiling I my beard would stroke,
 The while, with brimming glass, I spoke :
 " Each to his taste ! but to my mind, 3285
 Where in the country will you find
 A maid, as my dear Gretchen fair,
 Who with my sister can compare ?"
 Cling ! Clang ! so rang the jovial sound !
 Shouts of assent went circling round ; 3290
 Pride of her sex is she !—cried some ;
 Then were the noisy boasters dumb.
 And now !—I could tear out my hair,
 Or dash my brains out in despair !—
 Me every scurvy knave may twit, 3295
 With stinging jest and taunting sneer !
 Like skulking debtor I must sit,
 And sweat each casual word to hear !
 And though I smash'd them one and all,—
 Yet them I could not liars call. 3300

Who comes this way ? who's sneaking here ?
 If I mistake not, two draw near.
 If he be one, have at him ;—well I wot
 Alive he shall not leave this spot !

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from yon sacristy, athwart the night, 3305
Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,
While ever waning, fades the glimmering light,
As gathering darkness doth around it close !
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein, 3310
That up fire-ladders tall and steep,
And round the walls doth slyly creep ;
Virtuous withal, I feel, with, I confess,
A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already there doth bound 3315
The glorious Walpurgis night !
After to-morrow it again comes round,
What one doth wake for, then one knows aright !

FAUST.

Meanwhile, the flame which I see glimmering there,
Is it the treasure rising in the air ? 3320

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere long, I make no doubt, but you
To raise the chest will feel inclined ;
Erewhile I peep'd within it too ;
With lion-dollars 'tis well lined.

FAUST.

And not a trinket ? not a ring ? 3325
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw among them some such thing,
A string of pearls to grace her neck.

FAUST.

'Tis well ! I'm always loath to go,
Without some gift my love to show. 3330

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some pleasures gratis to enjoy,
Should surely cause you no annoy.
While bright with stars the heavens appear,
I'll sing a masterpiece of art :
A moral song shall charm her ear, 3335
More surely to beguile her heart.

(Sings to the guitar.)

Kathrina say,
Why lingering stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door? 3340
Maiden, beware,
Nor enter there,
Lest forth you fare,
A maiden never more.

Maiden take heed ! 3345
Reck well my rede !
Is't done, the deed ?
Good-night, you poor, poor thing !
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise, 3350
Nor yield your prize,
Without the marriage-ring !

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom are you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end!
First, to the devil the guitar I'll send!
Then to the devil with the singer too!

3355

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar! 'tis done for now.

VALENTINE.

Your skull shall follow next, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Doctor, stand fast! your strength collect!
Be prompt, and do as I direct.
Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray,
I'll parry! do you thrust away!

3360

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease!

VALENTINE.

The devil fights for you!
Why how is this? my hand's already lamed!

3365

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*).

Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There ! Now the lubber's tamed !
 But quick, away ! We must at once take wing ;
 A cry of murder strikes upon the ear ;
 With the police I know my course to steer,
 But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing. 3370

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Without ! without !

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light !

MARTHA (*as above*).

They rail and scuffle, scream and fight !

PEOPLE.

One lieth here already dead !

MARTHA (*coming out*).

Where are the murderers ? are they fled ?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lieth here ?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son. 3375

MARGARET.

Almighty God ! I am undone !

VALENTINE.

I'm dying—'tis a soon-told tale,
 And sooner done the deed.
 Why, women, do ye howl and wail ?
 To my last words give heed ! (*All gather round him.*) 3380
 Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,
 And, well I wot, not over sage,
 Thou dost thy matters ill ;

Let this in confidence be said :
 Since thou the path of shame dost tread, 3385
 Tread it with right good will !

MARGARET.

My brother ! God ! what can this mean ?

VALENTINE.

Abstain,

Nor dare God's holy name profane !
 What's done, alas, is done and past !
 Matters will take their course at last ; 3390
 By stealth thou dost begin with one,
 Others will follow him anon ;
 And when a dozen thee have known,
 Thou'lt common be to all the town.
 When infamy is newly born, 3395
 In secret she is brought to light,
 And the mysterious veil of night
 O'er head and ears is drawn ;
 The loathsome birth men fain would slay ;
 But soon, full grown, she waxes bold, 3400
 And though not fairer to behold,
 With brazen front insults the day :
 The more abhorrent to the sight,
 The more she courts the day's pure light,
 The time already I discern, 3405
 When thee all honest folk will spurn,
 And shun thy hated form to meet,
 As when a corpse infects the street.
 Thy heart will sink in blank despair,
 When they shall look thee in the face ! 3410
 A golden chain no more thou'lt wear—
 Nor near the altar take in church thy place—

In fair lace collar simply dight
 Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light—
 In darksome corners thou wilt bide, 3415
 Where beggars vile and cripples hide—
 And e'en though God thy crime forgive,
 On earth, a thing accursed, thou'lt live !

MARTHA.

Your parting soul to God commend
 Your dying breath in slander will you spend? 3420

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy wither'd frame,
 Thou wretched beldame, void of shame !
 Full measure I might hope to win
 Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET.

Brother ! what agonizing pain ! 3425

VALENTINE.

I tell thee ! from vain tears abstain !
 'Twas thy dishonor pierced my heart,
 Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
 Through the death-sleep I now depart
 To God, a soldier true and brave. (Dies.) 3430

Cathedral.

Service, Organ, and Anthem.

MARGARET *amongst a number of people.*

EVIL-SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL-SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee,
 When thou, still full of innocence,

Here to the altar camest,
 And from the small and well-conn'd book,
 Didst lisp thy prayer, 3435
 Half childish sport,
 Half God in thy young heart !
 Gretchen !

What thoughts are thine ?
 What deed of shame 3440
 Lurks in thy sinful heart ?

Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,
 Who into long, long torment slept through thee ?
 Whose blood is on thy threshold ?
 —And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart 3445
 Another quick'ning pulse, that even now
 Tortures itself and thee
 With its foreboding presence ?

MARGARET.

Woe ! Woe !
 Oh could I free me from the thoughts 3450
 That hither, thither, crowd upon my brain,
 Against my will !

CHORUS.

*Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Solvet sæclum in favillæ.
 (The organ sounds.)*

EVIL-SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee ! 3455
 The trumpet sounds !
 The graves are shaken !
 And thy heart
 From ashy rest

For torturing flames
Anew created,
Trembles into life ! 3460

MARGARET.

Would I were hence !
It is as if the organ
Choked my breath, 3465
As if the choir
Melted my inmost heart !

CHORUS.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.* 3470

MARGARET.

I feel oppressed !
The pillars of the wall
Imprison me !
The vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me !—air ! 3475

EVIL-SPIRIT.

Wouldst hide thee? sin and shame
Remain not hidden !
Air ! light !
Woe's thee !

CHORUS.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus !
Cum vix justus sit securus.* 3480

EVIL-SPIRIT.

The glorified their faces turn
Away from thee !
Shudder the pure to reach
Their hands to thee !
Woe !

3485

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus—

MARGARET.

Neighbor ! your smelling-bottle !

(She swoons away.)

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

The Hartz Mountains.

District of Schierke and Elend.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire? 3490
The roughest he-goat fain would I bestride,
By this road from our goal we're still far wide.

FAUST.

While fresh upon my legs, so long I naught require,
Except this knotty staff. Beside,
What boots it to abridge a pleasant way? 3495
Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep,
Then scale these rocks, whence, in eternal spray,
Adown the cliffs the silvery fountains leap :
Such is the joy that seasons paths like these !
Spring weaves already in the birchen trees ; 3500
E'en the late pine-grove feels her quickening powers;
Should she not work within these limbs of ours ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught of this genial influence do I know !
Within me all is wintry. Frost and snow
I should prefer my dismal path to bound. 3505
How sadly, yonder, with belated glow
Rises the ruddy moon's imperfect round,
Shedding so faint a light at every tread

One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree !
 An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead.
 Yonder one burning merrily, I see.
 Holla ! my friend, may I request your light ?
 Why should you flare away so uselessly ?
 Be kind enough to show us up the height !

3510

IGNIS FATUUS.

Through reverence, I hope I may subdue
 The lightness of my nature ; true,
 Our course is but a zigzag one.

3515

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho ! ho !

So man, forsooth, he thinks to imitate !
 Now, in the devil's name, for once go straight,
 Or out at once your flickering life I'll blow !

3520

IGNIS FATUUS.

That you are master here is obvious quite ;
 To do your will I'll cordially essay ;
 Only reflect ! The hill is magic-mad to-night ;
 And if to show the path you choose a meteor's light,
 You must not wonder should we go astray.

3525

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS

(in alternate song).

Through this dream and magic-sphere
 Lead us on, thou flickering guide.
 Pilot well our bold career !
 That we may with onward stride
 Gain yon vast and desert waste !

3530

See how tree on tree with haste
 Rush amain, the granite blocks

Make obeisance as they go !
Hark ! the grim long-snouted rocks,
How they snort, and how they blow ! 3535

Brook and brooklet hurrying flow
Through the turf and stones along ;
Hark, the rustling ! Hark, the song !
Hearken to love's plaintive lays ;
Voices of those heavenly days— 3540
What we hope, and what we love !
Like the song of olden time,
Echo's voice repeats the chime.

To-whit ! To-whoo ! It sounds more near ;
Pewit, owl, and jay appear, 3545
All awake, around, above !
Paunchy salamanders too
Crawl, long-limbed, the bushes through !
And, like snakes, the roots of trees
Coil themselves from rock and sand, 3550
Stretching many a wondrous band,
Us to frighten, us to seize ;
From rude knots with life imbued,
Polyp-fangs abroad they spread,
To snare the wanderer ! 'Neath our tread, 3555
Mice, in myriads, thousand-hued,
Through the heath and through the moss !
And the fire-flies' glittering throng,
Wildering escort, whirls along,
Here and there, our path across. 3560

Tell me, stand we motionless,
Or still forward do we press ?
All things round us whirl and fly,

Rocks and trees make strange grimaces,
Dazzling meteors change their places, 3565
How they puff and multiply !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now grasp my doublet—we at last
Have reached a central precipice,
Whence we a wondering glance may cast,
How Mammon lights the dark abyss. 3570

FAUST.

How through the chasms strangely gleams
A lurid light, like dawn's red glow,
Pervading with its quivering beams
The gorges of the gulf below !
There vapors rise, there clouds float by, 3575
And here through mist the splendor shines ;
Now, like a fount, it bursts on high,
Now glideth on in slender lines ;
Far-reaching, with a hundred veins,
Through the far valley see it glide, 3580
Here, where the gorge the flood restrains,
At once it scatters far and wide ;
Anear, like showers of golden sand
Strewn broadcast, sputter sparks of light ;
And mark yon rocky walls that stand 3585
Ablaze, in all their towering height !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sir Mammon, for this festival,
Grandly illumines his palace hall !
To see it was a lucky chance ;
E'en now the boist'rous guests advance. 3590

FAUST.

How the fierce tempest sweeps around !
Upon my neck it strikes with sudden shock !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to these ancient ribs of granite rock,
Else it will hurl you down to yon abyss profound.
A murky vapor thickens night. 3595
Hark ! Through the woods the tempests roar !
The owlets flit in wild afright.
Split are the columns that upbore
The leafy palace, green for aye :
The shivered branches whirl and sigh, 3600
Yawn the huge trunks with mighty groan,
The roots, upriven, creak and moan !
In fearful and entangled fall,
One crashing ruin whelms them all,
While through the desolate abyss, 3605
Sweeping the wreck-strown precipice,
The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss !
Hear'st thou voices sounding clear,
Distant now and now more near ?
Hark ! the mountain ridge along 3610
Streameth a raving magic-song !

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green ;
Thither the gathering legions fly,
And sitting aloft is Sir Urian seen : 3615
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now ;
She rides upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honor to her, to whom honor is due ! 3620
 Forward, Dame Baubo ! Honor to you !
 A goodly sow and mother thereon,
 The whole witch chorus follows anon.

VOICE.

Which way didst come ?

VOICE.

O'er Ilsenstein !

There I peep'd in an owlet's nest. 3625
 With her broad eye she gazed in mine !

VOICE.

Drive to the devil, thou hellish pest !
 Why ride so hard ?

VOICE.

She has graz'd my side,
 Look at the wounds, how deep and how wide !

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad, the way is long ; 3630
 What mad pursuit ! What tumult wild !
 Scratches the besom and sticks the prong ;
 Crush'd is the mother, and stifled the child.

WIZARDS (*half chorus*).

Like house-encumber'd snail we creep,
 While far ahead the women keep, 3635
 For when to the devil's house we speed,
 By a thousand steps they take the lead.

THE OTHER HALF.

Not so, precisely, do we view it ;—
 They with a thousand steps may do it ;

But let them hasten as they can,
With one long bound 'tis clear'd by man.

3640

VOICES (*above*).

Come with us, come with us from Felsensee.

VOICES (*from below*).

Aloft to you we would mount with glee!
We wash, and free from all stain are we,
Yet barren evermore must be!

3645

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,
The pensive moon her light doth veil;
And whirling on, the magic choir
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

VOICE (*from below*).

Stay! stay!

VOICE (*from above*).

What voice of woe
Calls from the cavern'd depths below?

3650

VOICE (*from below*).

Take me with you! Oh take me too!
Three centuries I climb in vain,
And yet can ne'er the summit gain!
To be with my kindred I am fain.

3655

BOTH CHORUSES.

Broom and pitchfork, goat and prong,
Mounted on these we whirl along;
Who vainly strives to climb to-night,
Is evermore a luckless wight!

DEMI-WITCH (*below*).

I hobble after, many a day ; 3660
 Already the others are far away !
 No rest at home can I obtain—
 Here too my efforts are in vain !

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Salve gives the witches strength to rise ;
 A rag for a sail does well enough ; 3665
 A goodly ship is every trough ;
 To-night who flies not, never flies.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the topmost peak we round,
 Then alight ye on the ground ;
 The heath's wide regions cover ye 3670
 With your mad swarms of witchery !
 (*They let themselves down.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and jostle, whirl and flutter !
 They whisper, babble, twirl, and splutter !
 They glimmer, sparkle, stink and flare—
 A true witch-element ! Beware ! 3675
 Stick close ! else we shall severed be.
 Where art thou ?

FAUST (*in the distance*).

Here !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already, whirl'd so far away !
 The master then indeed I needs must play.
 Give ground ! Squire Voland comes ! Sweet folk, give
 ground !

Here, doctor, grasp me ! With a single bound 3680
 Let us escape this ceaseless jar ;
 Even for me too mad these people are.
 Hard by there shineth something with peculiar glare,
 Yon brake allureth me ; it is not far ;
 Come, come along with me ! we'll slip in there. 3685

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction ! Lead ! I'll follow straight !
 'Twas wisely done, however, to repair
 On May-night to the Brocken, and when there,
 By our own choice ourselves to isolate !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark, of those flames the motley glare ! 3690
 A merry club assembles there.
 In a small circle one is not alone.

FAUST.

I'd rather be above, though, I must own !
 Already fire and eddying smoke I view ;
 The impetuous millions to the devil ride ; 3695
 Full many a riddle will be there untied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay ! and full many a one be tied anew.
 But let the great world rave and riot !
 Here will we house ourselves in quiet.
 A custom 'tis of ancient date, 3700
 Our lesser worlds within the great world to create !
 Young witches there I see, naked and bare,
 And old ones, veil'd more prudently.
 For my sake only courteous be !
 The trouble's small, the sport is rare. 3705

Of instruments I hear the cursed din—

One must get used to it. Come in ! come in !

There's now no help for it. I'll step before,

And introducing you as my good friend,

Confer on you one obligation more.

3710

How say you now ? 'Tis no such paltry room ;

Why only look, you scarce can see the end.

A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom ;

They dance, they talk, they cook, make love, and drink :

Where could we find aught better, do you think ?

3715

FAUST.

To introduce us, do you purpose here

As devil or as wizard to appear ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though I am wont indeed to strict incognito,

Yet upon gala-days one must one's orders show.

No garter have I to distinguish me,

3720

Nathless the cloven foot doth here give dignity.

Seest thou yonder snail ? Crawling this way she hies ;

With searching feelers, she, no doubt,

Hath me already scented out ;

Here, even if I would, for me there's no disguise.

3725

From fire to fire, we'll saunter at our leisure,

The gallant you, I'll cater for your pleasure.

(To a party seated round some expiring embers.)

Old gentlemen, apart, why sit ye moping here ?

Ye in the midst should be of all this jovial cheer,

Girt round with noise and youthful riot ;

3730

At home one surely has enough of quiet.

GENERAL.

In nations put his trust, who may,

Whate'er for them one may have done ;

The people are like women, they
Honor your rising stars alone !

3735

MINISTER.

Too far from truth and right they wander now ;
I must extol the good old ways,
For truly when all spoke our praise,
Then was the golden age, I trow.

PARVENU.

Ne'er were we 'mong your dullards found,
And what we ought not, that we did of old ;
Yet now are all things turning round,
Just when we most desired them fast to hold.

3740

AUTHOR.

Who, as a rule, a treatise now would care
To read, of even moderate sense ?
As for the rising generation, ne'er
Has youth displayed such arrogant pretence.

3745

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(suddenly appearing very old).

Since for the last time I the Brocken scale,
That folk are ripe for doomsday, now one sees ;
And just because my cask begins to fail,
So the whole world is also on the lees.

3750

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, nor pass me by,
Of wares I have a choice collection :
Pray honor them with your inspection.
Lose not this opportunity !
No fellow to my booth you'll find

3755

On earth, for 'mong my store there's naught
 Which to the world, and to mankind,
 Hath not some direful mischief wrought.
 No dagger here, which hath not flow'd with blood, 3760
 No bowl, which hath not poured into some healthy frame
 Hot poison's life-consuming flood,
 No trinket, but hath wrought some woman's shame.
 No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie,
 Or from behind hath stabb'd an enemy. 3765

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip ! For wares like these the time's gone by.
 What's done is past ! what's past is done !
 With novelties your booth supply ;
 Now novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

May this wild scene my senses spare ! 3770
 This may in truth be called a fair !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the eddying concourse throng ;
 Thinking to push, thyself art push'd along.

FAUST.

Who's that, pray ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well ! That's Lilith.

FAUST.

Who ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware ! 3775
 That charm in which she's parallel'd by few ;
 When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,
 He will not soon escape, I promise you.

FAUST.

There sit a pair, the old one with the young ;
Already they have bravely danced and sprung ! 3780

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here there is no repose to-day.
Another dance begins ; we'll join it, come away !

FAUST

(dancing with the young one).

Once a fair vision came to me ;
Therein I saw an apple-tree,
Two beauteous apples charmed mine eyes ; 3785
I climb'd forthwith to reach the prize.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples still fondly ye desire,
From paradise it hath been so,
Feelings of joy my breast inspire
That such too in my garden grow. 3790

MEPHISTOPHELES *(with the old one).*

Once a weird vision came to me ;
Therein I saw a rifted tree.
It had a ;
But as it was it pleased me too.

THE OLD ONE.

I beg most humbly to salute 3795
The gallant with the cloven foot !
Let him a . . . have ready here,
If he a . . . does not fear.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed mob ! How dare ye thus to meet ?

Have I not shown and demonstrated too, 3800
That ghosts stand not on ordinary feet?
Yet here ye dance, as other mortals do!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Then at our ball, what doth he here?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh! He must everywhere appear.
He must adjudge, when others dance; 3805
If on each step his say's not said,
So is that step as good as never made.
He's most annoyed, so soon as we advance;
If ye would circle in one narrow round,
As he in his old mill, then doubtless he 3810
Your dancing would approve,—especially
If ye forthwith salute him with respect profound!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Still here! what arrogance! unheard of quite!
Vanish; we now have fill'd the world with light!
Laws are unheeded by the devil's host; 3815
Wise as we are, yet Tegel hath its ghost!
How long at this conceit I've swept with all my might,
Lost is the labor: 'tis unheard of quite!

THE FAIR ONE.

Cease here to tease us any more, I pray.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, I plainly to your face declare: 3820
No spiritual control myself will bear,
Since my own spirit can exert no sway.

(*The dancing continues.*)

To night, I see, I shall in naught succeed ;
 But I'm prepar'd my travels to pursue,
 And hope, before my final step indeed, 3825
 To triumph over bards and devils too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now in some puddle will he take his station,
 Such is his mode of seeking consolation ;
 Where leeches, feasting on his blood, will drain
 Spirit and spirits from his haunted brain. 3830

(To FAUST, who has left the dance.)

But why the charming damsel leave, I pray,
 Who to you in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah ! in the very middle of her lay,
 Out of her mouth a small red mouse there sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suppose there did ! One must not be too nice. 3835
 'Twas well it was not grey, let that suffice.
 Who 'mid his pleasures for a trifle cares?

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there
 Standing far off, a lone child, pale and fair?
 Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears, 3840
 And seems with shackled feet to move along ;
 I own, within me the delusion's strong,
 That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her ! 'Tis not good ! Forbear !
 'Tis lifeless, magical, a shape of air, 3845
 An idol. Such to meet with, bodes no good ;
 That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood,
 And well-nigh petrifies his heart to stone :—
 The story of Medusa thou hast known.

FAUST.

Ay, verily ! a corpse's eyes are those, 3850
 Which there was no fond loving hand to close.
 That is the bosom I so fondly press'd,
 That my sweet Gretchen's form, so oft caress'd !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Deluded fool ! 'Tis magic, I declare !
 To each she doth his love'd one's image wear. 3855

FAUST.

What bliss ! what torture ! vainly I essay
 To turn me from that piteous look away.
 How strangely doth a single crimson line
 Around that lovely neck its coil entwine,
 It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge ! 3860

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. I see it also, and allege
 That she beneath her arm her head can bear,
 Since Perseus cut it off.—But you I swear
 Are craving for illusion still !
 Come then, ascend yon little hill ! 3865
 As on the Prater all is gay,
 And if my senses are not gone,
 I see a theatre,—what's going on ?

SERVIBILIS.

They are about to recommence ;—the play
 Will be the last of seven, and spick-span new— 3870
 'Tis usual here that number to present—
 A dilettante did the piece invent,
 And dilettanti will enact it too.
 Excuse me, gentlemen ; to me's assign'd
 As dilettante to uplift the curtain. 3875

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You on the Blocksberg I'm rejoiced to find,
 That 'tis your most appropriate sphere is certain.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S
GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

 INTERMEZZO.

Theatre.

MANAGER.

Vales, where mists still shift and play,
 To ancient hill succeeding,—
 These our scenes ;—so we, to-day, 3880
 May rest, brave sons of Mieding.

HERALD.

That the marriage golden be,
 Must fifty years be ended ;
 More dear this feast of gold to me,
 Contention now suspended. 3885

OBERON.

Spirits, are ye hovering near,
 Show yourselves around us !
 King and queen behold ye here,
 Love hath newly bound us.

PUCK.

Puck draws near and wheels about, 3890
 In mazy circles dancing !
 Hundreds swell his joyous shout,
 Behind him still advancing.

ARIEL.

Ariel wakes his dainty air,
 His lyre celestial stringing. — 3895
 Fools he lureth, and the fair,
 With his celestial singing.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, would ye agree,
 We court your imitation :
 Would ye fondly love as we. 3900
 We counsel separation.

TITANIA.

If husband scold and wife retort,
 Then bear them far asunder ;
 Her to the burning south transport,
 And him the North Pole under. 3905

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*fortissimo*).

Flies and midges all unite
 With frog and chirping cricket,
 Our orchestra throughout the night,
 Resounding in the thicket !

(*Solo.*)

Yonder doth the bagpipe come ! 3910
 Its sack an airy bubble.
 Schnick, schnick, schnack, with nasal hum,
 Its notes it doth redouble.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and midge's wing,
 A toad in form and feature ; 3915
 Together verses it can string,
 Though scarce a living creature.

A LITTLE PAIR.

Tiny step and lofty bound,
 Through dew and exhalation ;
 Ye trip it deftly on the ground, 3920
 But gain no elevation.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Can I indeed believe my eyes ?
 Is't not mere masquerading ?
 What ! Oberon in beauteous guise,
 Among the groups parading ! 3925

ORTHODOX.

No claws, no tail to whisk about,
 To fright us at our revel ;—
 Yet like the gods of Greece, no doubt,
 He too's a genuine devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

These that I'm hitting off to-day 3930
 Are sketches unpretending ;
 Towards Italy without delay,
 My steps I think of bending.

PURIST.

Alas ! ill-fortune leads me here,
 Where riot still grows louder ; 3935
 And 'mong the witches gather'd here,
 But two alone wear powder !

YOUNG WITCH.

Your powder and your petticoat,
 Suit hags, there's no gainsaying ;
 Hence I sit fearless on my goat, 3940
 My naked charms displaying.

MATRON.

We're too well-bred to squabble here,
 Or insult back to render ;
 But may you wither soon, my dear,
 Although so young and tender. 3945

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis,
 Throng not the naked beauty !
 Frogs and crickets in the mosses,
 Keep time and do your duty !

WEATHERCOCK (*towards one side*).

What charming company I view 3950
 Together here collected !
 Gay bachelors, a hopeful crew,
 And brides so unaffected !

WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*).

Unless indeed the yawning ground
 Should open to receive them, 3955
 From this vile crew, with sudden bound,
 To Hell I'd jump and leave them.

XENIEN.

With small sharp shears, in insect guise,
 Behold us at your revel !
 That we may tender, filial-wise, 3960
 Our homage to the devil.

HENNINGS.

Look now at yonder eager crew,
 How naively they're jesting !
 That they have tender hearts and true,
 They stoutly keep protesting ! 3965

MUSAGET.

Oneself amid this witchery
 How pleasantly one loses ;
 For witches easier are to me
 To govern than the Muses !

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper folks when we appear, 3970
 No one can then surpass us !
 Keep close, wide is the Blocksborg here
 As Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

How name ye that stiff formal man,
 Who strides with lofty paces ? 3975
 He tracks the game where'er he can,
 " He scents the Jesuits' traces."

CRANE.

Where waters troubled are or clear,
 To fish I am delighted ;
 Thus pious gentlemen appear 3980
 With devils here united.

WORLDLING.

By pious people, it is true,
 No medium is rejected ;
 Conventicles, and not a few,
 On Blocksborg are erected. 3985

DANCER.

Another choir is drawing nigh,
 Far off the drums are beating.
 Be still ! 'tis but the bittern's cry,
 Its changeless note repeating.

DANCING MASTER.

Each twirls about and never stops, 3990
 And as he can advances.
 The crooked leaps, the clumsy hops,
 Nor careth how he dances.

FIDDLER.

To take each other's life, I trow,
 Would cordially delight them ! 3995
 As Orpheus' lyre the beasts, so now
 The bagpipe doth unite them.

DOGMATIST.

My views, in spite of doubt and sneer,
 I hold with stout persistence,
 Inferring from the devils here, 4000
 The evil one's existence.

IDEALIST.

My every sense rules Phantasy
 With sway quite too potential ;
 Sure I'm demented if the *I*
 Alone is the essential. 4005

REALIST.

This entity's a dreadful bore,
 And cannot choose but vex me ;
 The ground beneath me ne'er before
 Thus totter'd to perplex me.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Well pleased assembled here I view 4010
 Of spirits this profusion ;
 From devils, touching angels too,
 I gather some conclusion.

SCEPTIC.

The ignis fatuus they track out,
 And think they're near the treasure. 4015
 Devil alliterates with doubt,
 Here I abide with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog and cricket in the mosses,—
 Confound your gasconading !
 Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis ;— 4020
 Most tuneful serenading !

THE KNOWING ONES.

Sans-souci, so this host we greet,
 Their jovial humor showing ;
 There's now no walking on our feet,
 So on our heads we're going. 4025

THE AWKWARD ONES.

In seasons past we snatch'd, 'tis true,
 Some tit-bits by our cunning ;
 Our shoes, alas, are now danced through,
 On our bare soles we're running.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From marshy bogs we sprang to light, 4030
 Yet here behold us dancing ;
 The gayest gallants of the night,
 In glitt'ring rows advancing.

SHOOTING STAR.

With rapid motion from on high,
 I shot in starry splendor ; 4035
 Now prostrate on the grass I lie ;—
 Who aid will kindly render ?

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room ! wheel round ! They're coming ! lo !
 Down sink the bending grasses.
 Though spirits, yet their limbs, we know, 4040
 Are huge substantial masses.

PUCK.

Don't stamp so heavily, I pray ;
 Like elephants you're treading !
 And 'mong the elves be Puck to-day,
 The stoutest at the wedding ! 4045

ARIEL.

If nature boon, or subtle sprite,
 Endow your soul with pinions ;—
 Then follow to yon rosy height,
 Through ether's calm dominions !

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Drifting cloud and misty wreathes 4050
 Are fill'd with light elysian ;
 O'er reed and leaf the zephyr breathes—
 So fades the fairy vision !

A gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery ! despairing ! long wandering pitifully on the
 face of the earth and now imprisoned ! This gentle hapless

creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to this! To this!—Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me!—Stand! ay, stand! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand and brave me with thine insupportable presence! Imprisoned! In hopeless misery! Delivered over to the power of evil spirits and the judgment of un pitying humanity!—And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound! Execrable monster!—Back with him, oh thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell! Change him again into his favorite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate!—Not the first!—Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable, that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands!

4082

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the reason of you mortals snaps! Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Wilt fly, and

art not proof against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us? 4087

FAUST.

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction! 4093

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her!—or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou? 4099

FAUST (*looks wildly around*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms the being, however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties!

FAUST.

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer. 4109

FAUST.

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world
be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her
free!

4112

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee. And what I can do,—hear! Have
I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses
of the warder,—do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead
her forth with human hand! I will keep watch! The
magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in
my power.

4118

FAUST.

Up and away!

Night. Open country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Rushing along on black horses.)

FAUST.

What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone?

4120

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST.

They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' pack.

FAUST.

They charm, they strew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! On!

Dungeon.

FAUST

(with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;

4125

Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here!
 She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls;
 Her only trespass a delusion dear!

Thou lingerest at the fatal door?

Thou dread'st to see her face once more? 4130

On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

(He seizes the lock. Singing within.)

My mother the harlot,

She took me and slew!

My father, the scoundrel,

Hath eaten me too! 4135

My sweet little sister

Hath all my bones laid,

Where soft breezes whisper

All in the cool shade!

Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,

Fly away! little bird, fly away! fly away! 4141

FAUST *(opening the lock).*

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,

The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.

(He enters.)

MARGARET

(hiding her face in the bed of straw).

Woe! woe! they come! oh bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST *(softly).*

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free! 4145

MARGARET *(throwing herself at his feet).*

If thou art human, feel my misery!

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!

(He grasps the chains to unlock them.)

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power

O'er me could give?

Thou com'st for me at midnight-hour.

4150

Be merciful and let me live !

Is morrow's dawn not time enough?

(*She stands up.*)

I'm still so young, so young—

And must so early die !

Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.

4155

My love is now afar, he then was nigh ;

Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.

Nay, seize me not with hand so rude !

Spare me ! What harm have I e'er done to thee ?

Oh let me not in vain implore !

4160

I ne'er have seen thee in my life before !

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony ?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.

Let me my babe but suckle once again !

I fondled it the livelong night ;

4165

They took it from me but to give me pain,

And now, they say that I my child have slain.

Gladness I ne'er again shall know.

Then they sing songs about me,—'tis wicked of the throng—

An ancient ballad endeth so ;

4170

Who bade them thus apply the song ?

FAUST

(*throwing himself on the ground*).

A lover at thy feet bends low,

To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET

(throws herself beside him).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer !

Look ! look ! yon stairs below,

4175

Under the threshold there,

Hell's flames are all aglow !

Beneath the floor,

With hideous noise,

The devils roar !

4180

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen ! Gretchen !

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my loved one's voice !

(She springs up, the chains fall off.)

Where is he ? I heard him calling me.

Free am I ! There's none shall hinder me.

To his neck will I fly,

4185

On his bosom will lie !

Gretchen, he called !—On yon threshold he stood ;

Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,

The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,

The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

4190

FAUST.

'Tis I !

MARGARET.

'Tis thou ! O say so once again !

(Embracing him.)

'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! where's now the torturing pain ?

Where are the fetters ? where the dungeon's gloom ?

'Tis thou ! To save me thou art come !

And I am sav'd !

4195

Already now the street I see

Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.

There too the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stay'd.

FAUST

(endeavoring to lead her away).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh do not haste!

4200

I love to linger where thou stayest. *(Caressing him.)*

FAUST.

Ah haste! For if thou still delayest,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!

So short a time away from me, and yet,

4205

To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!

Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel—

When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss

From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?

As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!—

4210

Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee! *(She embraces him.)*

Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold,—

Are dumb!

Thy love where hast thou left?

4215

Who hath me of thy love bereft? *(She turns away from him.)*

FAUST.

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!

I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;

I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET

(turning towards him).

And art thou he? and art thou really he?

4220

FAUST.

'Tis I ! Oh come !

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me ?—
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free ?

FAUST.

Come ! come ! already night begins to wane. 4225

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to her grave,
I drown'd my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too ?
'Tis thou thyself ! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand ! It is no dream ! 'Tis true ! 4230
Thine own dear hand !—But how is this ? 'Tis wet !
Quick, wipe it off ! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah God ! what hast thou done ?
Put up thy sword, 4235
I beg of thee !

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be !
Death is in every word.

MARGARET.

No, thou must linger here in sorrow !
The graves I will describe to thee, 4240
And thou to them must see
To-morrow :
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,

Me at some distance lay— 4245
But not too far away !
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie !
To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
That was a rapture, gracious and sweet ! 4250
A rapture I never again shall prove ;
Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat—
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me ! 4255

MARGARET.

What, there? without?

FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without,—If death lurk there !
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond !—Thou'rt leaving me ?
Oh Henry ! would that I could go with thee ! 4260

FAUST.

Thou canst ! But will it ! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go ! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me !
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto ! 4265
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray ;
And me they will catch, do what I may !

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET.

Quick ! Quick !
 Save thy poor child ! 4270
 Keep to the path
 The brook along,
 Over the bridge
 To the wood beyond,
 To the left where the plank is, 4275
 In the pond.
 Seize it at once !
 It fain would rise,
 It struggles still !
 Save it. Oh save ! 4280

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be !
 One little step, and thou art free !

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill !
 There sits my mother upon a stone—
 My brain, alas, is cold with dread !— 4285
 There sits my mother upon a stone,
 And to and fro she shakes her head ;
 She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore ;
 She slept so long, she waked no more ;
 She slept, that we might taste of bliss ; 4290
 Ah ! those were happy times, I wis !

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
 Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me ! I will not suffer violence !
 With murderous hand hold not so fast ! 4295
 I have done all to please thee in the past !

FAUST.

Day dawns ! My love ! My love !

MARGARET.

Yes ! day draws near.

The day of judgment too will soon appear !
 It should have been my bridal ! No one tell,
 That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well. 4300
 Woe to my garland !
 Its bloom is o'er !
 Though not at the dance—
 We shall meet once more.
 The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls ; 4305
 The squares, the streets,
 Scarce hold the throng.
 The staff is broken,—the death-bell tolls,—
 They bind and seize me ! I'm hurried along,
 To the seat of blood already I'm bound ! 4310
 Quivers each neck as the naked steel
 Quivers on mine the blow to deal—
 The silence of the grave now broods around !

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up ! or you're lost. 4315
 Vain hesitation ! Babbling, quaking !
 My steeds are shivering,
 Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase! 4320
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come! come! I'll leave thee else to share her doom!

MARGARET.

Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come! 4325
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend!
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come thou with me!
(*Vanishes with FAUST*).

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry! 4330

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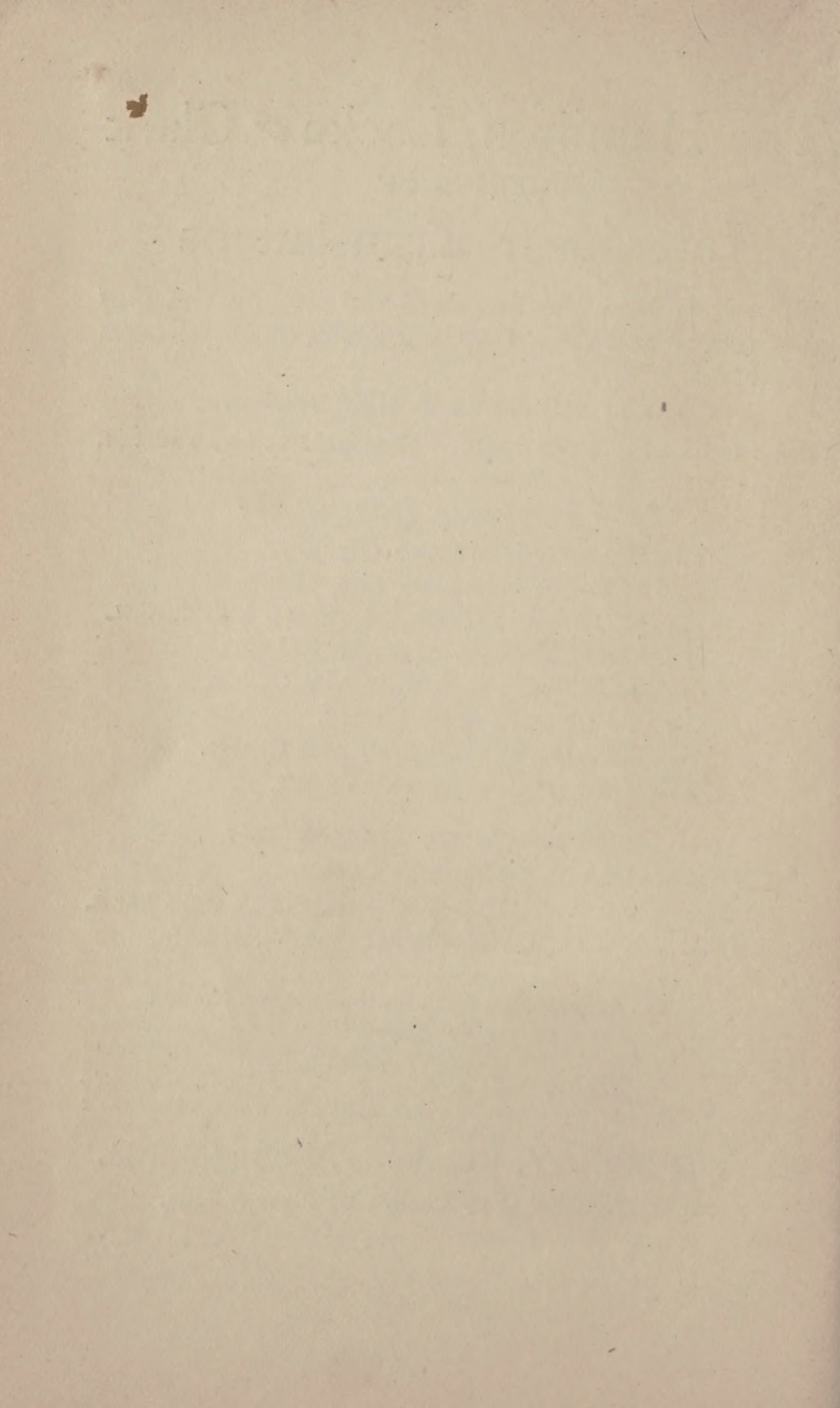
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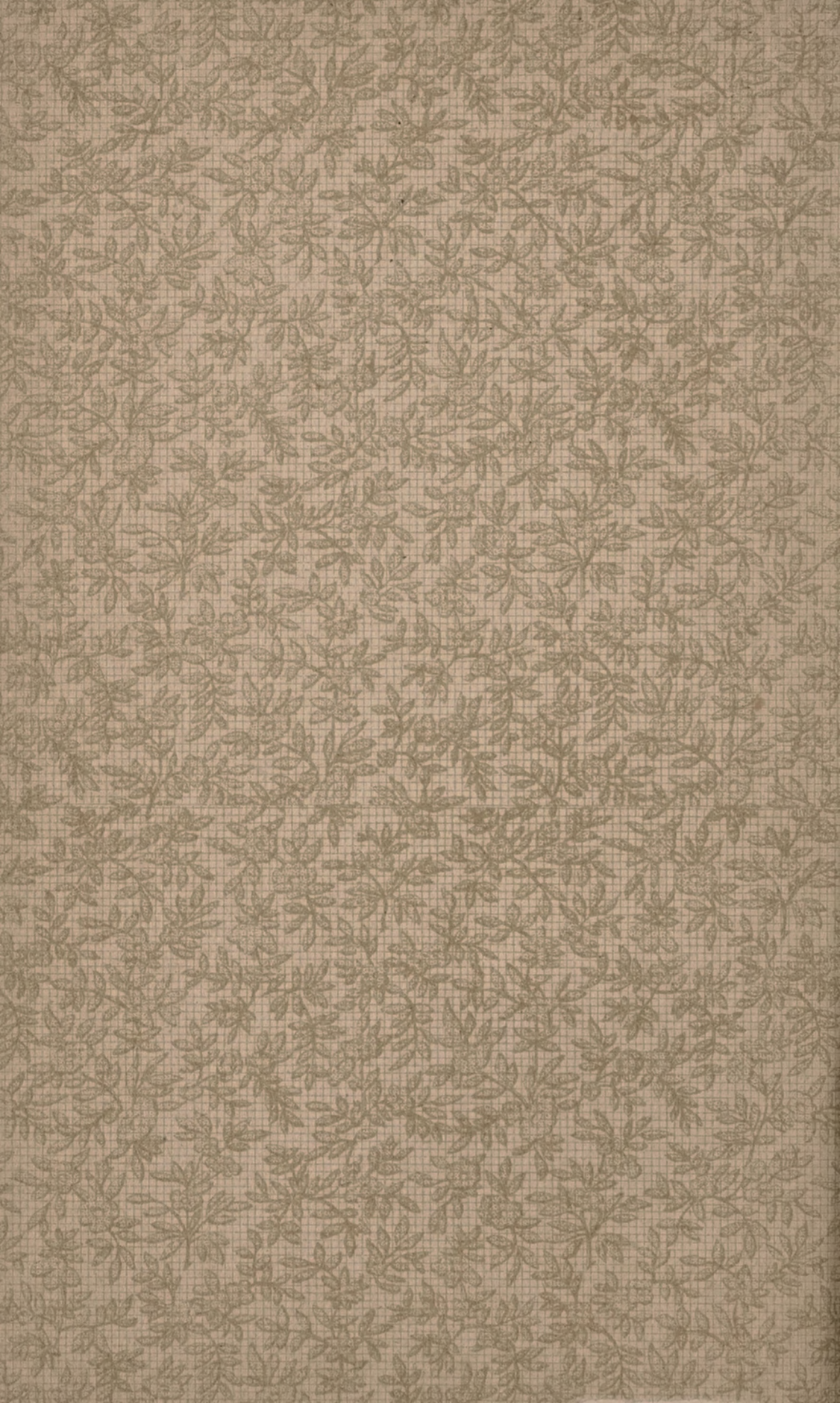
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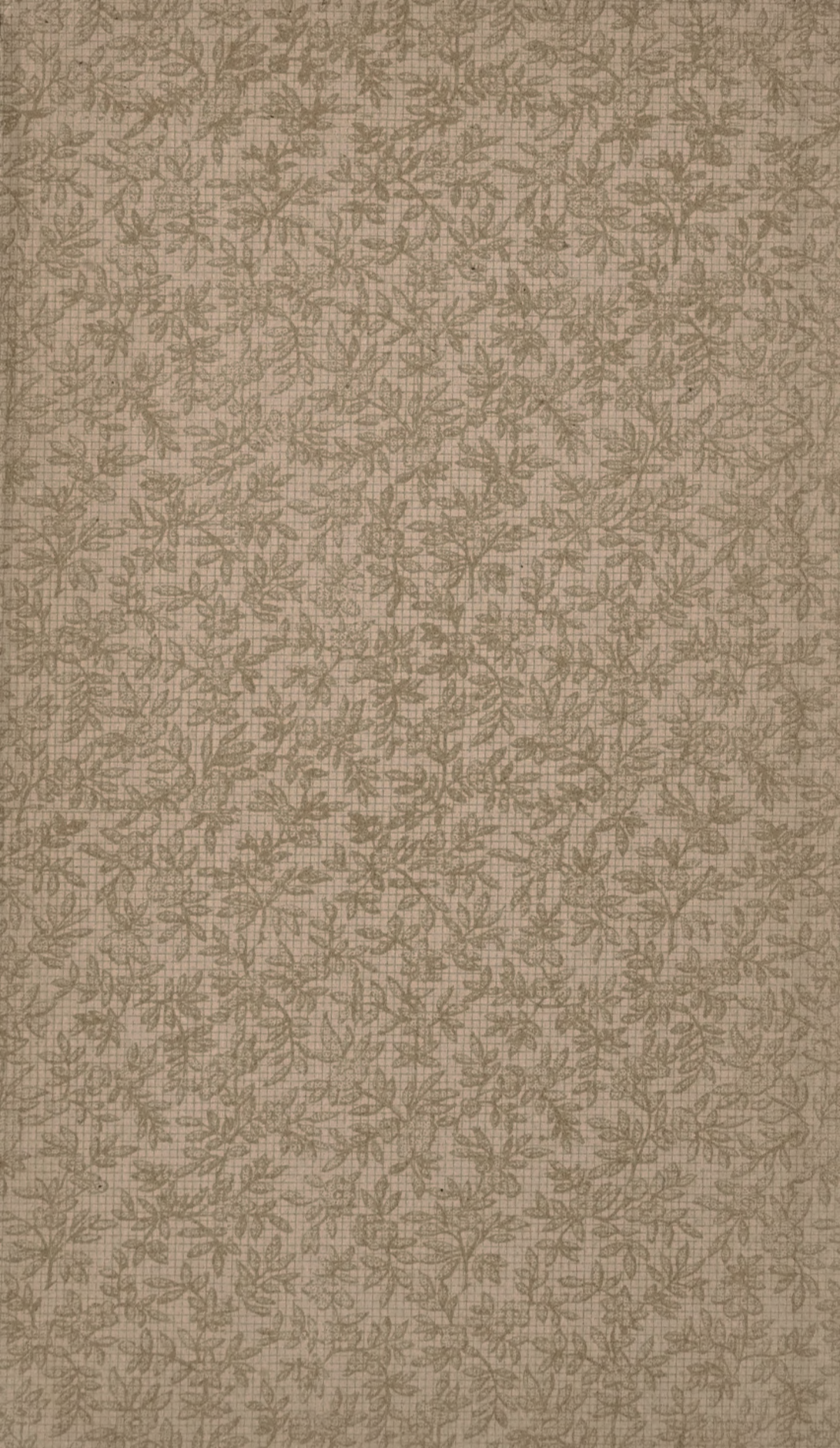
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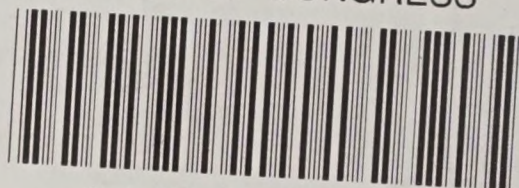
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